HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888.

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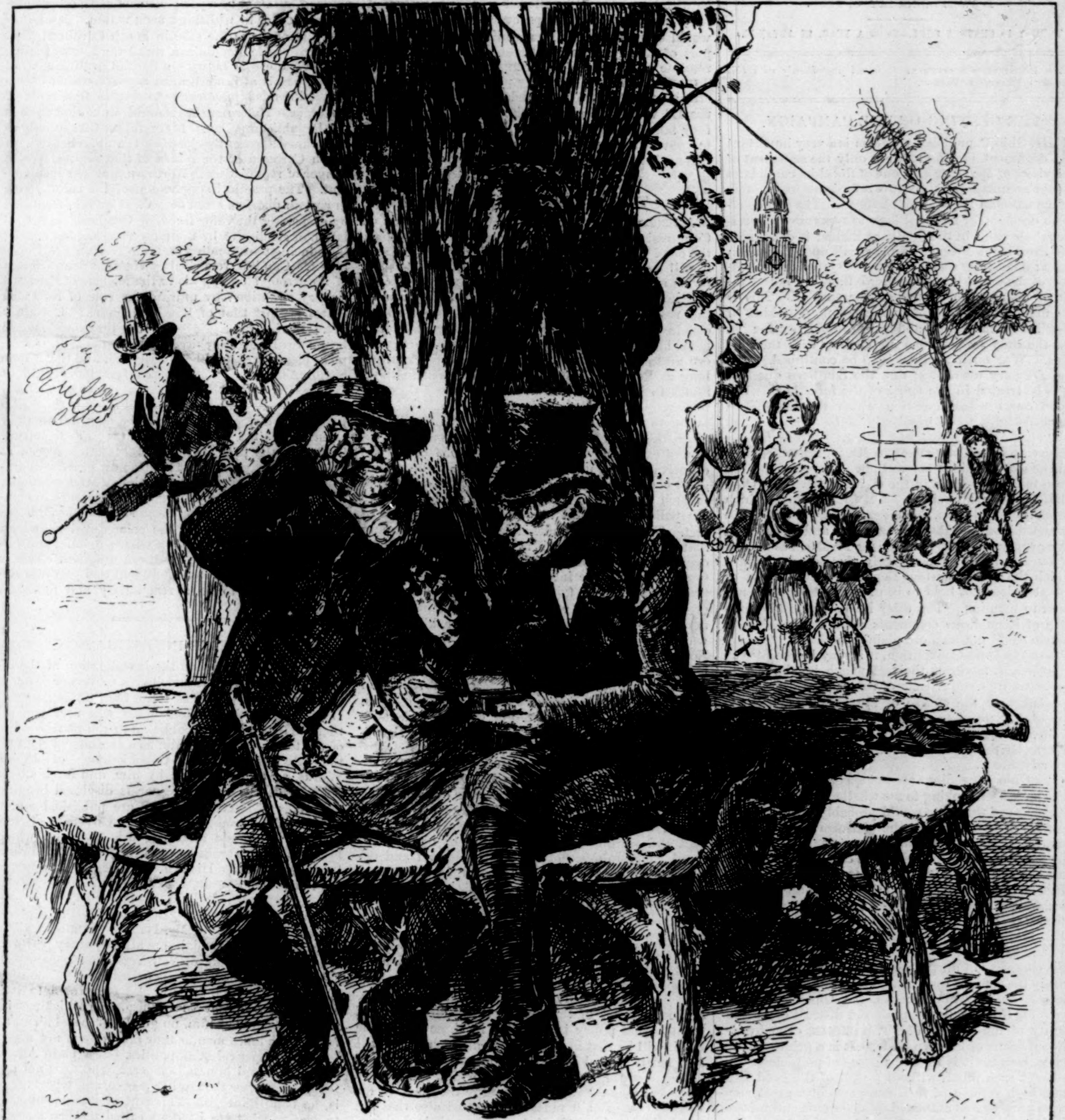

AN ANTIQUE PAIR OF SNUFFERS.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 319.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is by far the choicest juvenile weekly."—*Philadelphia Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number contains an article on "The Reign of Land Monsters," one of the excellent series of Chapters in Geology by MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK, *now drawing to a close; an instalment of "The Household of Glen Holly," by* LUCY C. LILLIE; *and the conclusion of* DAVID KER'S *short serial, "Betrayed by the White Elephant."*

A poem by FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN *accompanies a double-page picture entitled*

CHERRIES,

ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE FROM THE PAINTING BY RUSSELL.

There is also a humorous story by R. K. MUNKITTRICK, *called "Willie Hay and the Calf," and an amusing rhyme by* BESSIE CHANDLER.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Ohio Republican platform is a very important document, because it is not only the statement of the views of Mr. **SHERMAN**, one of the chief candidates for the nomination, but because it forecasts undoubtedly the national Republican platform. The Ohio platform declares for national laws to supervise Congressional elections in the Southern States; it denounces the President's Message as an assault upon American labor; it demands a general pension system; and it approves the direct tax refunding bill, which is a method of distribution to reduce the surplus. This is the manifesto of Ohio Republicanism. The kind of distribution mentioned and an enormous pension list are the only propositions for dealing with the surplus. War tariff taxation is to be continued, while the Treasury overflows; and the Southern question is to be treated in the spirit of the force bills. But upon one cardinal question which the Republican press declares to be peculiarly a Republican policy the platform is absolutely silent. In his famous Nashville speech of a year ago Mr. **SHERMAN** recounted the real questions before the country, and did not even mention reform in the civil service. His Ohio platform is equally silent. Yet the reform to which it makes no allusion, Republicans insist is only to be expected from the Republican party, and Republican newspapers constantly arraign the President as worthy of defeat because he has largely abandoned a reform which the first important Republican Convention of the year does not hold to be of sufficient importance even to mention. The utter hypocrisy and hollowness of Republican comments upon the President's course could not be more plainly disclosed. The action of the Ohio Convention, if it may be accepted as a precedent, confirms the fact which has been long apparent, that the friends of reform, however disappointed with the course of the President, will not necessarily promote reform by voting against him. If Mr. **SHERMAN**'s Convention does not even mention reform, Mr. **SHERMAN**'s administration would certainly not advance it.

The Ohio proceedings are not encouraging for those who have been looking to see whether the Republican campaign of this year would probably attract the recusants of 1884. While the platform was reactionary, the gentleman honored by the Convention with the temporary chairmanship was ex-Speaker **KEIFER**; and Governor **FORAKER**, who was the chief orator of the Convention, devoted his speeches to an elaborate declaration that he was honest in his support of Mr. **SHERMAN**, but in a tone and manner which implied that there was such general doubt of the fact as to make his fervent assurances indispensable. Indeed, the character of all the reports from Ohio, and especially the comical appeals and adjurations of the grotesque ex-mugwump organ, the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, imply profound distrust of the sincerity of the support of Mr. **SHERMAN**, even by the Republicans of his own State. It is a grievous spectacle, because it is that of a game of politicians who suspect each other, without a sign of the good faith and high resolve of men conscious of a great common purpose and animated by a common enthusiasm. It is significant of a political situation in which a party is no longer united by a definite principle and policy, and is resorting on all sides to discipline and organization. But when a party passes from the epoch of minute-men and militia fresh from the field and fireside to that of the regular army, it loses half its power. Discipline can never replace ardor of conviction and an unselfish purpose. Governor **FORAKER** says that Ohio Republicans will stick to **SHERMAN** so long as there is a button on his coat—presumably to hang on by! And a Republican paper speaks of holding on until his support breaks. The Governor evidently anticipates a time when Mr. **SHERMAN** will be left buttonless, and the paper foresees a moment when the Ohio vote will go to another candidate.

Two things are apparent in the Republican camp—general doubt and suspicion, and the steadily increasing probability of Mr. **BLAINE**'s nomination. The **BLAINE** press constantly produces new candidates and combinations to increase the confusion. **BLAINE** politicians volubly declare their second choice. Reports of Mr. **BLAINE**'s ill health are carefully and circumstantially denied, and timely notice is given that he will leave Europe so as to be upon the ocean when the nomination is made. More emphatic notice to all the faithful that he is to be a candidate for the nomination could not be served than this last statement. But it is quite likely to be denied as an invention of the enemy if it should be found to be in any way injurious to the plans of his friends. If Mr. **BLAINE** should be nominated it will be proclaimed that the expression of the overwhelming preference of the party could not be restrained. If he should be withdrawn it will be alleged contemptuously that only fools and mugwumps ever supposed that he would be nominated. Meanwhile, the Indiana support of General **HARRISON** seems to be much more resolute than that of Mr. **SHERMAN** in Ohio. Mr. **SHERMAN**, however, is quietly picking up the Southern delegations, and his friends already claim 312 of the 411 votes necessary for the nomination. But if they take the last-button view of him which appears to prevail in Ohio, his prospects would seem to be like apples of the Dead Sea.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

A **DECLARATION** in favor of national regulation of Congressional elections in the Southern States holds the chief place in the Ohio Republican platform, and it will undoubtedly be repeated in other State platforms and by the National Convention. Emphasis and importance will be given to this declaration by the result of the Louisiana election, which shows conclusively that neither protection nor any other issue, however economically attractive to the Southern States, will break the solid Democratic South so long as Republican ascendency is believed in those States to be synonymous with Southern subjection to negro domination. Congress has unquestionable power to regulate the election of its members in any State, and the exercise of the power is merely a question of expediency. But as a matter of fact it is not conceivable that under existing circumstances Congress could regulate elections in the Southern States in such a way as to bring one more colored voter to the polls. The point here is not of wrong, but of fact. The wrong is undeniable. So long as in any State a considerable vote is suppressed, whether by open violence or the fear of violence, so long as election laws are made intentionally and confessedly to prevent a full and fair vote, there is undeniably a great wrong, and a very important Southern question. The wrong, indeed, may be of a kind which would be probably accomplished in some way in Northern communities similarly situated. It may be truly said in explanation of the Southern situation that acquiescence in the practical subversion of civilized society is impossible to the Anglo-Saxon race. But without questioning such statements, it remains undeniably true that there is a very significant Southern question.

No community politically founded upon the equality of suffrage can live in the habitual disregard of the rights of a large body of voters, or even of a majority, without moral deterioration and loss of faith in the democratic republican principle. If ignorant and semi-barbarous dominance be fatal to civilized communities, not less so is habitual and deliberate defiance of law. Moreover, in a national union of States, where electoral fair play in every State is assumed, its systematic violation in a group of States may easily make the apparent result of a general election a plain usurpation and monstrous wrong. This, if it does not breed violence, will certainly produce discord, and discord is the parent of civil disorder. Practically, if the right of free suffrage be denied to any class of voters in some States, and in support of that denial every other issue of great public policy is set aside in those States, the result will be that in other States all such issues will also be suspended in order to prevent the national wrong resulting from such local denial. It may be conceded that the States must settle the question for themselves. But it must be admitted also that the whole Union is vitally interested in their decision, and that the general welfare demands a course which, if possible, will settle the question in the common interest. There is, then, a Southern question, and consequently a common duty in regard to it. What is that duty? The question arises from the fact that in certain districts the vote is divided not by interests, nor policies, nor measures of any kind—that is to say, it is not normally divided by the convictions which make political parties—but it is massed solely by color. This arrays a resolute and more intelligent race against an inferior and ignorant race, and produces a wholly false and hopeless political situation. Yet the remedy is obvious. It lies in dividing the aggregate vote naturally—that is, by the interests and views which divide the vote of New York or of Minnesota. And how can this be done? Plainly by a course which disintegrates the cohesion of the more intelligent body.

If Republican statesmanship would settle the Southern question it must treat it with comprehensive regard of the facts, not by a theoretical and doctrinaire policy. It must be approached in a friendly and fraternal spirit. Ohio considers itself an unusually intelligent and strongly Republican State. Yet it is but within two or three years that Ohio has repealed certain legal and absolutely unjust disabilities of colored citizens, and within a year the conduct of certain Ohio communities in regard to schools has shown the strongest antipathy to the colored race. The people of Ohio can judge how they would relish the action of a party in other States which should aim to compel those communities to yield to colored dominance in the schools, and whether the result of such external action would not be a postponement of all other questions in order to withstand such action. How infinitely stronger is the case in South Carolina! Let any reasonable Republican recall the **MOSES** régime in that State. If he were a South-Carolinian, what would be his attitude toward a party which he believed intended practically to restore that régime? Republican statesmanship should prove that such is not Republican policy. It should see that so long as its course apparently justifies the apprehension of South Carolina of the return of that régime, it is in danger of repudiation in Northern States as incompetent. The practical suppression of the colored vote in certain districts is not denied. Can it be remedied by deepening the color line? by Congressional regulation of elections? by the most vigorous force bills? by reducing the offending States to Territories? Clearly not. Can it be remedied by vigorous denunciation of the wrong? by appeals to the feelings of the anti-slavery agitation? by uniting the vote of Northern States against that of Southern States? Certainly not. But is it not a grievous wrong that voters should be practically disfranchised, that by such disfranchisement elections should be determined, and that whole communities should live in confessed disregard of law? Unquestionably it is, and the only practical remedy lies in a course which will prove to those who hold such disregard of law to be essential to their security against barbarism that they are mistaken. That was the promise of Mr. **SHERMAN**'s speech at Nashville last year. But he has now practically unsaid it, and the suggested legislation of Mr. **CHANDLER**, and the tone of the opening of the Republican campaign, forecast with Republican success a more hopeless disfranchisement of the colored voter, and an indefinite postponement of a wise, patriotic, and humane settlement of the Southern question. This is what many of the most intelligent and patriotic Republicans hold to be a reactionary and mistaken policy.

THE SQUIRE INVESTIGATION.

THE position in which the investigation of the affairs of the new aqueduct leaves Governor **HILL** is an exceedingly unpleasant one for that gentleman. It justifies the impression which was very general that the Governor is a politician in the pettiest sense of the term. It reveals him as a comrade of **SQUIRE**, the late extraordinary Commissioner of Public Works, agreeing to stand by him, and for his own political benefit the Governor is disclosed begging patronage of **SQUIRE**. Letters are published which are not of a becoming kind for a Governor of New York to write, and an intrigue is laid bare which brings the Governor very near to the notorious "aqueduct deal." His evident reluctance to approve the removal of **SQUIRE**, even after the letter to **FLYNN** was made known to him; his implied threat to dismiss the District Attorney if he persisted in a prosecution; his appeal to Mr. **IVINS**'s "Democracy" to spare the party a scandal—are all very sorry performances for a Governor of New York.

Yet this kind of thing is called practical politics. The man who excels in it and is devoted to it is called a shrewd and "level-headed" politician, with no nonsense about him, no gush and drivel about reform. He takes men as they are. He is not a professor of super-celestial politics, but a plain American citizen and honest Democrat, who does not pretend to be better than other people, and whatever he is, he is no Pharisee. This sort of stuff is supposed to deceive what Mr. **LINCOLN** called the plain people of this country. It seems to be seriously believed by some editors that sneers at American citizens who demand simple honesty and decency in public life as super-serviceable hypocrites weeping over other people's sins are effective as against such revelations as those of the aqueduct investigation. When **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**, after the election of a Republican Legislature in 1800, advised Governor **JOHN JAY** to call together the old Federal Legislature to appoint Presidential electors, in the hope of defeating **JEFFERSON**, Governor **JOHN JAY** wrote upon the letter, "A proposition which it is not becoming in me to entertain," and laid it away. Was he a canting hypocrite or an honest man? Was Governor JAY a poorer type of Chief Magistrate of New York than Governor HILL? Is there a more practical statesman or a purer patriot in our history than JOHN JAY?

There is no more singular delusion than the theory that honest politics are impracticable politics. If they were so, no honest or self-respecting man would enter public life. If Governor HILL had spurned "deals," and the game of putting opponents in "holes," and all the small tricks of small politicians, he would be very much stronger as a public man, to say no more, than he is now. Nothing did more to make Mr. CLEVELAND President than the general belief that he was superior to all little trickery. Nothing refreshes an American's faith in the American people more than the constant proof of their admiration of an honest man in high office, an upright man above all understandings with SQUIRES and the like, and bent upon doing his official duty as effectively as he can. In the Chicago Convention of 1860 the support of Mr. SEWARD'S candidacy was wrongfully believed to be urged in the interest of doubtful if not mercenary politics, and when, upon the nomination of LINCOLN, Mr. JUDD, of Illinois, stood upon the seat in front of the New York delegation, and shouted at them tauntingly "*Honest* ABE LINCOLN! *honest* ABE LINCOLN!" there was a caustic implication in the phrase; but he gave his candidate a name which was an aureole, and the Free States marched to the polls singing, in a faith which was never shaken, "Honest old ABE!" It is as true in politics as in everything else that honesty is the best policy.

COURTS FOR THE INDIANS.

IN judging of the various bills and propositions for the adjustment of the Indian question, which has now become one of great public interest, certain important points must be held constantly in mind. We are especially reminded of the necessity by some comments of the Kansas City *Times* upon our recent remarks about the opening of Oklahoma. What may be called the Western view of the Indian question is one of too great eagerness for white spoliation of Indian territory and jaunty carelessness of Indian rights. Under our solemn agreement, to which the national faith is pledged, not to speak of the requirements of humanity, the rights of the Indians are to be scrupulously respected. In this view the SPRINGER bill for the opening of Oklahoma should be amended at certain points, such as the provisions for Indians upon executive order reservations, to make it equitable and justly careful of Indian rights.

It is also to be remembered that the DAWES bill, admirable as it is, does not completely and satisfactorily secure the legal status of the Indians. The DAWES Land in Severalty Act is probably the most important measure ever adopted by Congress for the happy solution of the Indian problem, and it expresses undoubtedly the now settled policy of the government, which is that of the earliest practical absorption of the Indians in the general mass of the population. To this end certain supplementary legislation is desirable to provide adequate legal redress for Indians upon reservations, and to give them further legal rights—the power to sue and to be sued, to make contracts, etc.—and to do this simply and inexpensively, with as little change as possible in existing machinery, and so gradually and ultimately to secure the entire equality of the Indians before the law.

This is the object of the Indian reservation courts bill which is now pending in the Senate, where it was introduced by Senator DAWES a few weeks since. This bill fixes the political and civil status of all Indians. It also corrects a defect in existing legislation, which so restricts Indian owners in the use of land as to deprive them of much of its value. It provides also a thorough system of Indian education. This proposed legislation is the result of the careful consideration of those who are greatly interested in the Indian question, but with no personal or extraneous interest whatever in the opening of reservations. They are animated by public spirit solely, and in the common interest they would see Indian rights secured in the fairest and most honorable way for all. Prompt action in Congress is most desirable, because the present system of Indian management is open to great abuse, and great abuses constantly occur. The passage of the bill would be a measure of wise reform by closing opportunities for abuse. Great honor is due to Senator DAWES for the steadfastness and sagacity with which he has interested himself in wise Indian legislation. His name will be always associated with the adoption of the true policy, which was so long deferred, and which we trust he will see brought to a happy issue.

ENGLISH NATURALIZATION IN AMERICA.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH in his address before the Canadian Club, and again in his speech at the St. George dinner, spoke of the recent movement for naturalization of British residents in this country. This movement was greatly quickened by the Irish protest last year in Boston against the grant of Faneuil Hall to the English residents to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. The officers of the British American Association are of opinion that in four years British naturalization would add perhaps 90,000 to American citizenship in the State of New York, and 40,000 in Massachusetts. This is a great number, and such an increase, or an approximation to it, in this State would have a decided influence upon the national government.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH truly said that naturalization is a duty to the adopted country. A free commonwealth demands active, not passive, citizenship, and the man who deliberately makes his home in the United States ought to accept all the responsibilities of his decision. Moreover, one of the dangers in this country is the increase of naturalized citizens who have no traditions or training in self-government. Such immigrants eagerly press for naturalization, and diminish rather than increase the security of our institutions. The English, on the other hand, are of the stock from which our distinctive population springs. We speak the same language, and share the same great traditions, and an increase of the English element, under proper conditions, would be the strengthening of constitutional freedom.

But the primary condition is that there shall be no sinister or secondary motive for naturalization. It has often seemed that Irishmen seek to become American citizens in order to take part more safely in British politics. Distinctively Irish newspapers in this country mainly carry on English and foreign controversies. They are much more devoted to the cause of Ireland than the cause of America, and they applaud American statesmen in proportion to the degree of vehemence with which those statesmen assail England. This is an intolerable abuse of American citizenship, and if the object of the British movement for naturalization be of this kind, it may be wisely abandoned. It is our duty to take care that America shall not be made an arena for foreign politics, and the statesman who yields to the temptation to make it such an arena is a very poor kind of patriot.

A MISCHIEVOUS BILL.

THERE has been a general public agreement during the last twenty years, at least, that the tax laws of the State of New York are urgently in need of revision, and there has been an almost equally close approach to unanimity on the part of all competent critics of this system that the changes in it must be in the direction of substituting tangible for intangible objects of taxation. From the Commission of 1870 onward there has been no investigation into the operation of the tax laws of this State which has not resulted in an exposure of the futility of trying to find a source of revenue in various descriptions of property which could readily be made invisible. Unfortunately the Legislature has failed to take advantage of the suggestions contained in a series of able reports submitted for its guidance. But it was reserved for the Legislature of 1888 to give countenance to a method of tax revision calculated to perpetuate all the evils of the existing system, and to exaggerate every vicious characteristic of its methods.

The measure known as the BRUNDAGE tax bill has been fitly described as an act to encourage perjury. It purports in its title to provide for the "equalizing" of taxation on real and personal property. In actual operation it would discriminate in favor of rascality and against honesty. Its author may be supposed to have had in view the rigid enforcement of the existing law in regard to the taxation of personal property. For this purpose various inquisitorial powers are confided to assessors, which could readily be eluded by any one who should furnish excuse for their exercise. The bill contains a preposterous provision in regard to the deduction by mortgageors of the tax assessed on the value of their property from the amount of interest or principal due to the mortgagee. This is an inversion of every sound principle of taxation so complete as to throw into strong relief the general absurdity of the bill. Such a provision would either be inoperative, or would result in driving capital from the State.

That a bill so evidently contrary to the public interests, which it may be supposed to be intended to conserve, should have ever emerged from committee is of itself a serious reflection on the intelligence of the Assembly. That there should be any danger of its passage is a still more convincing proof of the non-representative character of that body. The thoroughness with which its objectionable character has been exposed by the press and by the representatives of the fiduciary institutions which would be the chief sufferers from its enactment will, it may be hoped, render its further progress impossible.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

A VERY interesting point has been raised in the case of Dr. HARRISON, a trustee of the State Insane Hospital of Indiana, before the Superior Court of that State. The complaint alleges that the trustees of the hospital removed meritorious employés for the purpose of promoting personal and party interests, and not because of incompetence or malfeasance of any kind, and that in consequence of such removals many careless, incompetent, and brutal persons were employed, to the abuse and injury of the patients. Mr. W. D. FOULKE appeared for the State, and argued that as the office of trustee is a public trust, for the benefit of the insane, it is the duty of the trustees to cause the appointment of those only who are most fit to perform the duty required, and if they discharge meritorious and unexceptionable persons merely for political reasons they violate their duty. He claimed that the proceeding was in the nature of a substitute for impeachment.

Mr. FOULKE cited many and interesting precedents. The case of the SPENCERS, in COKE'S *Institutes*, was that of impeachment for putting good magistrates out of office and replacing them with bad. STORY mentions among impeachments founded in salutary public justice, removing good magistrates and advancing bad. In the famous Congressional debate upon the power of removal, MADISON held that the President is impeachable for the wanton removal of meritorious officers. Lord MANSFIELD granted an opinion against justices of the peace who refused licenses to publicans who voted against their recommendation, and he said that it was not for the refusal, but for its corrupt motive.

Mr. FOULKE cited also an old English statute, which became part of the common law of Indiana, to the effect that "none shall obtain office by suit or for reward, but by desert." Another statute compelled chief officers to swear that they would not make any officer of the king "for any gift of brokerage, favor, or affection." That these common law principles have been often violated does not invalidate them or render them obsolete, and Mr. FOULKE maintained that they are still the common law in this country as well as in England. It is a view which makes the remark that public office is a public trust more than a phrase. If established it would require of the appointing power more than a *motu proprio* as a valid reason for removing other efficient officers, and the common theory that meritorious officers hold only at the executive pleasure would disappear.

AN ISSUE FAIRLY MET.

BY a bare majority the high license bill has passed the New York Senate precisely as it came from the Assembly. The bill goes at once, therefore, to the Governor, and by Monday next will have been signed, vetoed, or become law in default of any Executive action. In the Assembly the bill met the all but solid opposition of the Democratic members, and in the Senate not one Democratic vote was recorded in its favor. Should the Governor deem his first duty to be to carry out the will of his party, he will undoubtedly veto the bill. Should he recognize the unmistakable preponderance of public opinion in its favor, he will probably make his usual compromise between duty and inclination, and allow the bill to go on the statue-book without his signature. Whatever may be the fate of the bill this year, the principle which it embodies has become so well defined an "issue" in the politics of this State as to leave but little doubt about its ultimate triumph. The Republican party has placed itself on the right side of this controversy, leaving its opponents to take all the gain that can accrue from favoring the indefinite multiplication of saloons.

PERSONAL.

A FOND mother called the other day upon President PATTON, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. PATTON: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction, or return the boy."

—Mr. POWDERLY is having a heap of trouble with the finances of his Knights of Labor organization. Expenses have risen to extravagant figures, while membership and dues have been dwindling rapidly.

—Boston outdid itself to give slugger JOHN L. SULLIVAN "a brilliant welcome home." Music, oratory, and fireworks filled the town. On the steamer coming over the "champion" ran amuck the whole voyage through. A missionary who happened to have a state-room next to SULLIVAN'S was stood up in a corner, sworn at, and urged to put on the gloves for a boxing bout—all because the appalled parson didn't care to discuss theology from the SULLIVAN stand-point.

—Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL delivers an oration in honor of ROSCOE CONKLING before the New York Legislature.

—When New Haven town celebrated its 250th anniversary last week the hero of the day was JOHN E. LOVELL, the veteran schoolteacher of renown these many, many years in New England. He was the compiler of the LOVELL school readers that years ago were widely popular, and his school in New Haven was celebrated all over the country. He is ninety-three years old now, and very feeble.

—Ever fortunate DE LESSEPS! France raises him from the verge of failure once again, and more millions are ready for his Panama Canal enterprise.

—General LEW WALLACE'S *Ben-Hur* has inspired MATT MORGAN, the artist, into an ambitious effort—the painting of a picture representing "Christ entering Jerusalem." It is thirty feet wide, and sixty figures are grouped in it.

—The many friends of Dr. WARD, editor of the *Independent*, will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered from his recent injuries as to be able to resume work.

—General GRANT'S birthday has been celebrated this year in nearly every State of the Union.

—Members of the United States Senate were a little nonplussed one morning lately when they discovered that the Senate's opening prayer was led by a man who throughout the service wore a tall silk hat, which he promptly removed at the close of the prayer. The bewilderment ended later when they learned that the clergyman was the Rev. Dr. H. P. MENDEZ, one of New York's noted Jewish rabbis. This is the first time in many years that the Senate chaplain's place has been filled by a Hebrew. Dr. MENDEZ was escorted by a Christian clergyman.

—ZOLA'S latest play, *Germinal*, has fallen flat in Paris, and the author has hurried to the country to hide his mortification.

—Political gossips are trying to believe that General ALFRED H. TERRY will be the next Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut.

—Queen VICTORIA, visiting her daughter the Empress of Germany, has been received in Berlin with honors from the German people, efforts of scheming politicians to have her hissed in the streets failing utterly.

—Mr. BLAINE'S son WALKER has taken the trouble to say for publication that his father is in perfect health.

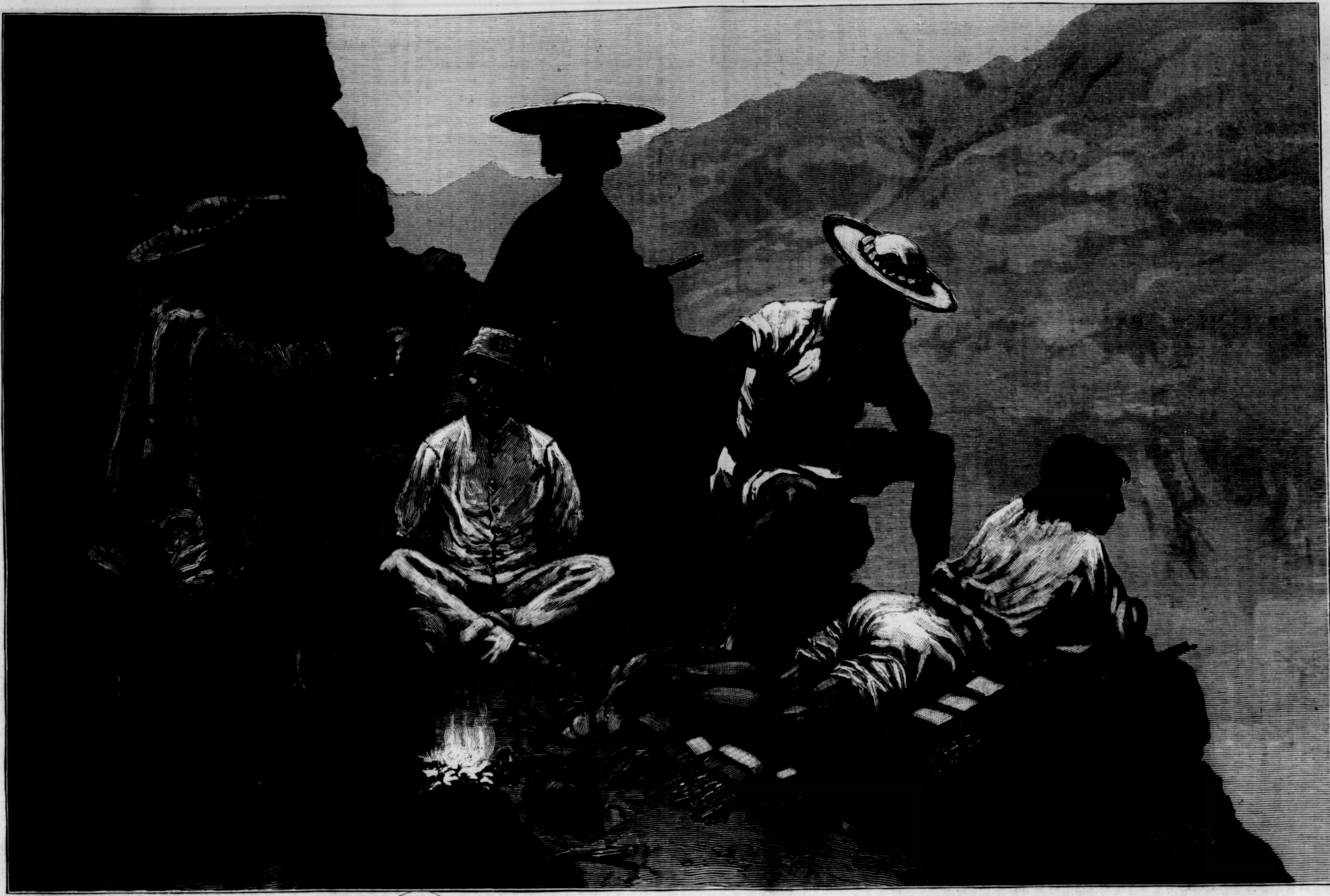
—Miss MOLLIE GREEN is a school-teacher down in Perry County, Tennessee, and a heroine. While school was in session last week a mad dog rushed in, threatening to devour the terrified children. With only her "ruler" for a weapon the young woman attacked the savage cur, and fought it valiantly till a neighbor came to her rescue. None of the children were harmed, but the teacher had her clothes torn to ribbons in the fight.

—A French translation of Mr. HOWELLS'S novel *Silas Lapham* is about to be published by Messrs. HACHETTE & Co., Paris. One of the most eminent of French authors, who has read the work in English, pronounces it a most profound and significant novel, more nearly than any other English production resembling the masterpieces of BALZAC.

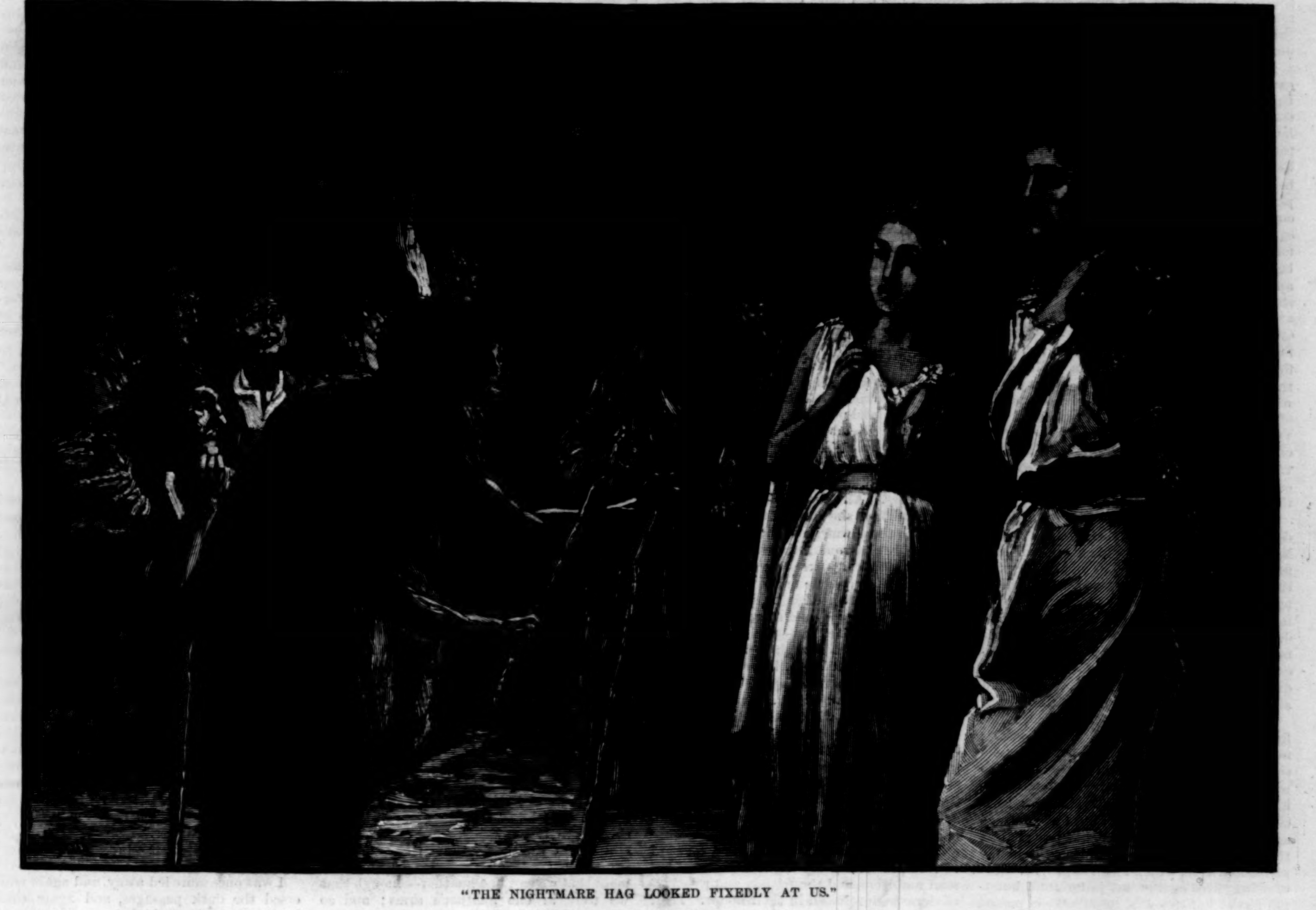
—Mr. HORACE BRADLEY, one of the younger generation of artists, has just been elected President of the Art Students' League of New York. Mr. BRADLEY has attracted favorable notice by his work in the WEEKLY and in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

—When HENRY EBERLE, of Frankford, Pennsylvania, died lately, he left an estate valued at $25,000, all of which, he directs in his will, shall be spent upon a monument over his grave.

—The idea of a family tree is carried to good literal lengths by EDMUND WILKINS, of Pittsburgh. He has bought a twenty-four-ton block of marble, out of which he is having cut the image of an oak-tree, to serve as his graveyard monument. It stands fifteen feet high, and at the base it is over four feet in diameter. The limbs are cut off close to the body, each butt being polished to bear the name of a different member of the WILKINS family.



YAQUI INDIAN REFUGEES WITH CAPTIVE MEXICAN SOLDIER.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 322.]



"THE NIGHTMARE HAG LOOKED FIXEDLY AT US."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN PRISON.

It was with hearts full of the gloomiest forebodings that we returned to the *amir*, and these we soon found to be fully justified. The athalebs descended at that point from which they had risen—namely, on the terrace immediately in front of the cavern where they had been confined. We then dismounted, and Layelah with the Kosekin guards accompanied us to our former chambers. There she left us, saying that a communication would be sent to us.

We were now left to our own conjectures.

"I wonder what they will do to us?" said I.

"It is impossible to tell," said Almah.

"I suppose," said I, "they will punish us in some way; but then punishment among the Kosekin is what seems honor and reward to me. Perhaps they will spare our lives, for that in their eyes ought to be the severest punishment and the deepest disgrace imaginable."

Almah sighed.

"The Kosekin do not always act in this matter as one would suppose," said she. "It is quite likely that they may dread our escaping, and may conclude to sacrifice us at once."

On the next *jom* I had a visit from the Kohen Gadol. He informed me that the paupers had held a Council of State, in which they had made a special examination of our late flight. He and Layelah had both been examined, as well as the Kosekin who had gone after us; but Layelah's testimony was by far the most important.

The Council of State gathered from Layelah's report that we had fled to Magones for the especial purpose of gaining the most blessed of deaths; that she pursued us in the interest of the state; and that we on her arrival had generously surrendered our own selfish desires, and had at once returned.

We learned that much gratification was felt by the council, and also expressed, at Layelah's account and at our action.

First, at our eager love of death, which was so natural in their eyes; secondly, at the skill which we had shown in selecting Magones; and finally, at our generosity in giving up so readily the blessed prospect of exile and want and death, so as to come back to the *amir*. Had we been Kosekin our acts would have been natural enough; but, being foreigners, it was considered more admirable in us, and it seemed to show that we were equal to the Kosekin themselves. It was felt, however, that in our eager rush after death we had been somewhat selfish; but as this probably arose from our ignorance of the law, it might be overlooked. On the whole it was decided that we ought to be rewarded, and that, too, with the greatest benefits that the Kosekin could bestow. What these benefits were the Kohen Gadol could not say; and thus we were left, as before, in the greatest possible anxiety. We still dreaded the worst. The highest honors of these men might well awaken apprehension; for they thought that the chief blessings were poverty and darkness and death.

Layelah next came to see me. She was as amiable as ever, and showed no resentment at all. She gave me an account of what had happened at the Council of State, which was the same as what I had heard from the Kohen Gadol.

I asked her why she had made such a report of us.

"To conciliate their good-will," said Layelah. "For if they thought that you had really fled from death from a love of life, they would have felt such contempt for you that serious harm might have happened."

"Yes," said I; "but among the Kosekin what you call harm would probably have been just what I want. I should like to be viewed with contempt, and considered unworthy of death and the *Mista Kosek*, and other such honors."

"Oh yes," said Layelah; "but that doesn't follow; for you see the paupers love death so intensely that they long to bestow it on all; and if they knew that you were afraid of it, they would be tempted to bestow it upon you immediately, just to show you how delightful a thing it is. And that was the very thing that I was trying to guard against."

"Well," said I, "and what is the result? Do you know what their decision is?"

"Yes," said Layelah.

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly.

Layelah hesitated.

"What is it?" I cried again, full of impatience.

"I'm afraid it will not sound very pleasant to you," said Layelah, "but at any rate your life is spared for the present. They have decided to give you what they call the greatest possible honors and distinctions."

Layelah paused, and looked at me earnestly. For my part these words sounded ominous, and were full of the darkest meaning.

"Tell me all," I said; "don't keep me in suspense."

"Well," said Layelah, "I'm afraid you will think it hard; but I must tell you. I will tell it, therefore, as briefly and formally as possible.

"First, then, they have decreed the blessing of separation. You and Almah must now be parted, since this is regarded as the highest bliss of lovers.

"Secondly, they have decreed the blessing of poverty. All these luxuries will be taken away, and you will be raised to an equality in this respect with the great paupers.

"Thirdly, you are to have the blessing of darkness. You are to be removed from this troublesome and vexatious light, which here is regarded as a curse, and henceforth live without it.

"Fourthly, the next decree is the high reward of imprisonment. You are to be delivered from the evils of liberty, and shut up in a dark cavern, from which it will be impossible to escape or to communicate with any one outside.

"Fifthly, you are to associate with the greatest of the paupers, the class that is the most honored and influential. You will be present at all their highest councils, and will have the privilege of perpetual intercourse with those reverend men. They will tell you of the joys of poverty, the happiness of darkness, and the bliss of death."

Layelah paused, and looked at me earnestly.

"Is there anything more?" I gasped.

"No," said she. "Is not that enough? Some were in favor of bestowing immediate death, but they were outvoted by the others. You surely cannot regret that."

Layelah's words sounded like the words of a mocking demon. Yet she did not wish to distress me; she had merely stated my sentence in formal language, without any attempt to soften its tremendous import. As for me, I was overwhelmed with despair. There was but one thought in my mind—it was not of myself, but of Almah.

"And Almah?" I cried.

"Almah," said Layelah—"she will have the same; you are both included in the same sentence."

At this a groan burst from me. Horror overwhelmed me. I threw myself down upon the floor and covered my face with my hands. All was lost! Our fate—Almah's fate—was darkness, imprisonment, and death. Could anything be imagined that might mitigate such woes as these? Could anything be conceived of as more horrible? Yes; there remained something more, and this was announced by Layelah.

"Finally," said she, "it has been decreed that you shall not only have the blessing of death, but that you shall have the rare honor of belonging to the chosen few who are reserved for the *Mista Kosek*. Thus far this had not been granted. It was esteemed too high an honor for strangers; but now, by an exercise of unparalleled liberality, the Grand Council of Paupers have added this, as the last and best, to the high honors and rewards which they have decreed for you and Almah."

To this I had nothing to say; I was stupefied with horror. To such words what answer could be made? At that moment I could think of nothing but this tremendous sentence—this infliction of appalling woes under the miserable name of blessings! I could not think of Layelah; nor did I try to conjecture what her motives might be in thus coming to me as the messenger of evil. I could not find space amid my despair for speculations as to her own part in this, or stop to consider whether she was acting the part of a mere messenger, or was influenced by resentment or revenge. All this was far away from my thoughts; for all my mind was filled with the dread sentence of the Council of Paupers and the baleful prospect of the woes that awaited us.

On the next *jom* I saw Almah. She had already learned the awful tidings. She met me with a face of despair; for there was no longer any hope, and all that remained for us was a last farewell. After this we parted, and each of us was taken to our respective prison.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1620.

I was taken along dark passages until I came to a cavern with a low, dark portal. Upon entering I found the darkness deeper than usual, and there was only one solitary lamp, which diffused but a feeble ray through the gloom. The size of the place could not be made out. I saw here a group of human beings, and by the feeble ray of the lamp I perceived that they were wan and thin and emaciated, with scant clothing, all in rags, squalor, misery, and dirt; with coarse hair matted together, and long nails and shaggy beards. They reminded me in their personal appearance of the cannibals of the outer shore. These hideous beings all gathered around me, blinking at me with their bleary eyes and grinning with their abominable faces, and then each one embraced me. The filth, squalor, and unutterable foulness of these wretches all combined to fill my soul with loathing, and the inconceivable horror of that embrace wellnigh overwhelmed me. Yet, after all, it was surpassed by the horror of the thought that Almah might be at that very moment undergoing the same experience; and for her such a thing must be worse than for me.

I retreated as far as possible from them, deep into the thick darkness, and sat down. No convicted felon at the last hour of life, no prisoner in the dungeons of the Inquisition, ever could have suffered more mental agony than I did at that moment. The blessings, the awful blessings of the Kosekin were descending upon my miserable head—separation from Almah, squalor and dirt, imprisonment, the society of these filthy creatures, darkness, the shadow of death, and beyond all the tremendous horrors of the *Mista Kosek!*

I do not know how the time passed, for at first I was almost stupefied with despair; nor could I ever grow reconciled to the society of these wretches, scarce human, who were with me. Some food was offered me—filthy stuff, which I refused. My refusal excited warm commendation; but I was warned against starving myself, as that was against the law. In my despair I thought of my pistol and rifle, which I still kept with me—of using these against my jailors, and bursting forth; but this wild impulse soon passed away, for its utter hopelessness was manifest. My only hope, if hope it was, lay in waiting, and it was not impossible that I might see Almah again, if only once.

Joms passed away, I know not how. The Chief Pauper, who is the greatest man in the land of the Kosekin, made several attempts to converse with me, and was evidently very condescending and magnanimous in his own eyes; but I did not meet his advances graciously—he was too abhorrent. He was a hideous wretch, with eyes nearly closed and bleary, thick, matted hair, and fiendish expression—in short, a devil incarnate in rags and squalor.

But as the *joms* passed I found it difficult to repel my associates. They were always inflicting their society upon me, and thrusting on me nasty little acts of kindness. The Chief Pauper was more persistent than all, with his chatter and his disgusting civilities. He was evidently glad to get hold of a fresh subject for his talkative genius; he was a very garrulous cannibal, and perhaps my being a foreigner made me more interesting in his eyes.

The chief topic of his discourse was death. He hated life, loved death, longed for it in all its forms, whether arising from disease or from violence. He was an amateur in corpses, and had a larger experience in dead bodies than any other man in the nation.

I could not help asking him once why he did not kill himself, and be done with it.

"That," said he, "is not allowed. The temptation to kill one's self is one of the strongest that human nature can experience, but it is one that we must struggle against, of course, for it is against all law. The greatest blessing must not be seized. It must be given by nature or man. Those who violate the blessed mystery of death are infamous."

He assured me that he had all his life cultivated the loftiest feelings of love to others. His greatest happiness consisted in doing good to others, especially in killing them. The blessing of death, being the greatest of all blessings, was the one which he loved best to bestow upon others; and the more he loved his fellow-creatures the more he wished to give them this blessing. "You," said he, "are particularly dear to me, and I should rather give to you the blessing of death than to any other human being. I love you, Atam-or, and I long to kill you at this moment."

"You had better not try it," said I, grimly.

He shook his head despondingly.

"Oh no," said he; "it is against the law. I must not do it till the time comes."

"Do you kill many?" I asked.

"It is my pleasing and glorious office," he replied, "to kill more than any other; for, you must know, I am the *Sar Tabakin*" (chief of the executioners).

The Chief Pauper's love of death had grown to be an all-absorbing passion. He longed to give death to all. As with us there are certain philanthropists who have a mania for doing good, so here the pauper class had a mania for doing what they considered good in this way. The Chief Pauper was a sort of Kosekin Howard or Peabody, and was regarded by all with boundless reverence. To me, however, he was an object of never-ending hate, abhorrence, and loathing; and, added to this, was the thought that there might be here some equally hideous female—some one like the nightmare hag of the outer sea—a torment and a horror to Almah.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CEREMONY OF SEPARATION.

Separated from Almah, surrounded by foul fiends, in darkness and the shadow of death, with the baleful prospect of the *Mista Kosek*, it was mine to endure the bitterest anguish and despair; and in me these feelings were all the worse from the thought that Almah was in a similar state, and was enduring equal woes. All that I suffered in my present condition she too was suffering—and from this there was no possibility of escape. Perhaps her surroundings were even worse, and her sufferings keener; for who could tell what these people might inflict in their strange and perverted impulses?

Many *jōms* passed, and there was only one thing that sustained me—the hope of seeing Almah yet again, though it were but for a moment. That hope, however, was but faint. There was no escape. The gate was barred without and within. I was surrounded by miscreants, who formed the chief class in the state and the ruling order. The Chief Pauper was the highest magistrate in the land, from whose opinion there was no appeal, and the other paupers here formed the Kosekin senate. Here, in imprisonment and darkness, they formed a secret tribunal and controlled everything. They were objects of envy to all. All looked forward to this position as the highest object of human ambition, and the friends and relatives of those here rejoiced in their honor. Their powers were not executive, but deliberative. To the Meleks and Alhons was left the exercise of authority, but their acts were always in subordination to the will of the paupers.

"I have everything that heart can wish," said the Chief Pauper to me once. "Look at me, Atam-or, and see me as I stand here: I have poverty, squalor, cold, perpetual darkness, the privilege of killing others, the near prospect of death, and the certainty of the *Mista Kosek*—all these I have, and yet, Atam-or, after all, I am not happy."

To this strange speech I had nothing to say.

"Yes," continued the Chief Pauper, in a pensive tone, "for twenty seasons I have reigned as chief of the Kosekin in this place. My cavern is the coldest, squalidest, and darkest in the land. My raiment is the coarsest rags. I have separated from all my friends. I have had much sickness. I have the closest captivity. Death, darkness, poverty, want, all that men most live and long for, are mine to satiety; and yet, as I look back and count the *joms* of my life to see in how many I have known happiness, I find that in all they amount to just seven! Oh, Atam-or, what a comment is this on the vanity of human life!"

To this I had no answer ready; but by way of saying something, I offered to kill him on the spot.

"Nay, nay, Atam-or," said he, with a melancholy smile, "do not tempt me. Leave me to struggle with temptations by myself, and do not seek to make me falter in my duty. Yes, Atam-or, you behold in me a melancholy example of the folly of ambition; for I often think, as I look down from my lofty eminence, that after all it is as well to remain content in the humble sphere in which we are placed at birth; for perhaps, if the truth were known, there is quite as much real happiness among the rich and splendid—among the Alhons and Meleks."

On this occasion I took advantage of the Chief Pauper's softer mood to pour forth an earnest entreaty for him to save Almah's life, or at least to mitigate her miseries. Alas! he was inexorable. It was like an appeal of some mad prisoner to some gentle-hearted governor in Christendom, entreating him to put some fellow-prisoner to death, or at least to make his confinement more severe.

The Chief Pauper stared at me in horror.

"You are a strange being, Atam-or," said he, gently. "Sometimes I think you mad. I can only say that such a request is horrible to me beyond all words. Such degradation and cruelty to the gentle and virtuous Almah is outrageous and forever impossible; no, we will not deprive her of a single one of those blessings which she now enjoys."

I turned away in despair.

At length one *jom* the Chief Pauper came to me with a smile and said,

"Atam-or, let me congratulate you on this joyous occasion."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You are to have your ceremony of separation."

"Separation!" I repeated.

"Yes," said he. "Almah has given notice to us. She has announced her intention of giving you up, and separating from you. With us the woman always gives the announcement in such cases. We have fixed the ceremony for the third *jom* from this, and I hope you will not think it too soon."

This strange intelligence moved me greatly. I did not like the idea of a ceremony of separation; but behind this there rose the prospect of seeing Almah, and I felt convinced that she had devised this as a mode of holding communication with me, or at least of seeing me again. The thought of Layelah was the only thing that interfered with this belief, for it might be her doings after all; yet the fact remained that I was to see Almah, and in this I rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

The appointed *jom* came. A procession was formed of the paupers. The chief did not go, as he never left the cavern except on the great sacrifices and *Mista Koseks*. The door was opened, and I accompanied the procession. On our way all was dark, and after traversing many passages we came at length to the door of a cavern as gloomy as the one I had left. On entering this I found all dark and drear; and a little distance before me there was a light burning, around which was gathered a group of hags hideous beyond all expression. But these I scarcely noticed; for there amid them, all pale and wan, with her face now lighted up with joyous and eager expectation, I saw my darling—my Almah! I caught her in my arms, and for a few moments neither of us spoke a word. She sobbed upon my breast, but I knew that the tears which she shed were tears of joy. Nor was our joy checked by the thought that it was to be so short-lived. It was enough at that moment that we saw one another—enough that we were in one another's arms; and so we mingled our tears, and shared one common rapture. And sweet it was—sweet beyond all expression—the sweetest moment in all my life; for it had come in the midst of the drear desolation of my heart and the black despair. It was like a flash of lightning in the intense darkness, short and sudden indeed, yet still intense while it lasted, and in an instant filling all with its glow.

"I did this," murmured Almah, "to see you and to save you."

"Save me!" I repeated.

"Yes," said she. "I have seen Layelah. She told me that there is this chance and this one only to save you. I determined to try it. I cannot bear to think of you at the sacrifice—and for love of me meeting your death—for I would die to save you, Atam-or."

I pressed her closer in my arms.

"Oh, Almah," said I, "I would die to save you! and if this ceremony will save you I will go through with it, and accept my fate whatever it may be."

We were now interrupted.

The women — the hags of horror — the shriek-like ones, as I may call them, or the fiend-like, the female fiends, the foul ones—they were all around us; and one there was who looked so exactly like the nightmare hag of the outer sea that I felt sure she must be the same, who by some strange chance had come here. Such, indeed, is quite likely, for there may have been a pass over the mountains to the land of the Kosekin; and those savage cannibals may all have been honored Kosekin exiles, dwelling in poverty, want, woe, and darkness, all of which may have been allotted to them as a reward for eminent virtues. And so here she was, the nightmare hag, and I saw that she recognized me.

A circle was now formed around us, and the light stood in the middle. The nightmare hag also stood within the circle on the other side of the light opposite us. The beams of the lamp flickered through the darkness, faintly illuminating the faces of the horrible creatures around, who, foul and repulsive as harpies, seemed like unclean beasts, ready to make us their prey. Their glances seemed to menace death; their blear eyes rested upon us with a horrid eager hunger. My worst fears at that moment seemed realized; for I saw that Almah's associates were worse than mine, and her fate had been more bitter. And I wondered how it had been possible for her to live among such associates; or, even though she had lived thus far, whether it would be possible for her to endure it longer.

And now there arose a melancholy chant from the old hags around—a dreadful strain, that sounded like a funeral dirge, sung in shrill, discordant voices, led by the nightmare hag, who as she sang waved in her hand a kind of club. All the time I held Almah in my arms, regardless of those around us, thinking only of her from whom I must soon again be separated, and whom I must leave in this drear abode to meet her fearful fate alone. The chant continued for some time, and as long as it continued it was sweet to me; for it prolonged the meeting with Almah, and postponed by so much our separation.

At length the chant ceased. The nightmare hag looked fixedly at us, and spoke these words:

"You have embraced for the last time. Henceforth there is no more sorrow in your love. You may be happy now in being forever disunited, and in knowing the bliss of eternal separation. As darkness is better than light, as death is better than life, so may you find separation better than union."

She now gave a blow with her club at the lamp, which broke it to atoms and extinguished the flame. She continued:

"As the baleful light is succeeded by the blessed darkness, so may you find the light of union followed by the blessed darkness of separation."

And now in the deep darkness we stood clasped in one another's arms; while around us, from the horrible circle of hags, there arose another chant as harsh and discordant as the previous one, but which, nevertheless, like that, served at least to keep us together a little longer. For this reason it sounded sweeter than the sweetest music; and therefore, when at last the hideous noise ended, I felt a pang of grief, for I knew that I must now give up Almah forever.

I was right. The ceremony was over. We had to part, and we parted with tears of despair. I was led away, and as I went I heard Almah's sobs. I broke away, and tried to return for one more embrace; but in the darkness I could not find her, and could only hear her sobs at a greater distance, which showed that she too was being led away. I called after her,

"Farewell, Almah!"

Her reply came back broken with sobs.

"Farewell forever, Atam-or!"

I was once more led away, and again traversed the dark passages, and again came back to my den, which now seemed dark with the blackness of despair.

On my return I was formally and solemnly congratulated by all the paupers. I should not have received their congratulations had I not expected that there would be something more. I expected that something would be said about the result of this act of separation; for Almah had believed that it would be the means of saving my life, and I believed that it would be the means of saving her life, and for this reason each of us had performed our part; although, of course, the joy of meeting with one another would of itself have been sufficient, and more than sufficient, to make that ceremony an object of desire. I thought, therefore, that some statement might now be made to the effect that by means of this ceremony my status among the Kosekin would be changed, and that both I and Almah, being no longer lovers, would be no longer fit for the sacrifice. To my intense disappointment, however, nothing whatever was said that had the remotest reference to this.

On the following *jom* I determined to ask the Chief Pauper himself directly; and accordingly, after a brief preamble, I put the question point-blank:

"Will our ceremony of separation make any difference as to our sacrifice?"

"What?" he asked, with a puzzled expression.

I repeated the question.

"I don't understand," said he, still looking puzzled.

Upon this I once more repeated it.

"How can that be?" said he at length; "how can the ceremony of separation have any effect upon your sacrifice? The ceremony of separation stands by itself as the sign and symbol of an additional blessing. This new happiness of separation is a great favor, and will make you the object of new envy and admiration; for few have been so fortunate as you in all the history of the Kosekin. But you are the favorite of the Kosekin now, and there is nothing that they will not do for you."

"But we were separate before," said I, indignantly.

"That is true," said he, "in point of fact; but this ceremony makes your separation a legal thing, and gives it the solemn sanction of law and of religion. Among the Kosekin one cannot be considered as a separate man until the ceremony of separation has been publicly performed."

"I understood," said I, "that we were chosen to suffer the sacrifice together because we were lovers; and now, since you do not any longer regard us as lovers, why do you sacrifice us?"

At this question the Chief Pauper looked at me with one of those hungry glances of his, which showed how he thirsted for my blood, and he smiled the smile of an evil fiend.

"Why do we sacrifice you, Atam-or?" he replied. "Why, because we honor you both, and love you both so dearly that we are eager to give you the greatest of all blessings, and to deny you nothing that is in our power to bestow."

"Do you mean to sacrifice both of us?" I gasped.

"Of course."

"What! Almah too?"

"Certainly. Why should we be so cruel to the dear child as to deprive her of so great a boon?"

At this I groaned aloud and turned away in despair.

Many *joms* now passed away. I grew more and more melancholy and desperate. I thought sometimes of fighting my way out. My fire-arms were now my chief consolation; for I had fully made up my mind not to die quietly like a slaughtered calf, but to strike a blow for life, and meet my death amid slain enemies. In this prospect I found some satisfaction, and death was robbed of some of its terrors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAWN.

AND God, when he had sundered heav'n from earth
On that far-off First Day, and bade the woof
Of darkness thrill to silver with the birth
Of light, wrought on the firmament new-born
A Flower whose blossom-time was dawn.
Its roots were anchored in the earth's brown breast,
And from the earth was all its beauty drawn.
By potent winds were woven for its garb
Gray mists that kneel along the river-side,
And sometimes were the petals silver white,
And sometimes paly gold or amber-dyed;
But since there nothing is that touches earth
And knows not Pain, faint crimson streaks were drawn
Across the chalice which each morn is seen—
The Passion Flower God made himself for Dawn.

ANNIE BRONSON KING.

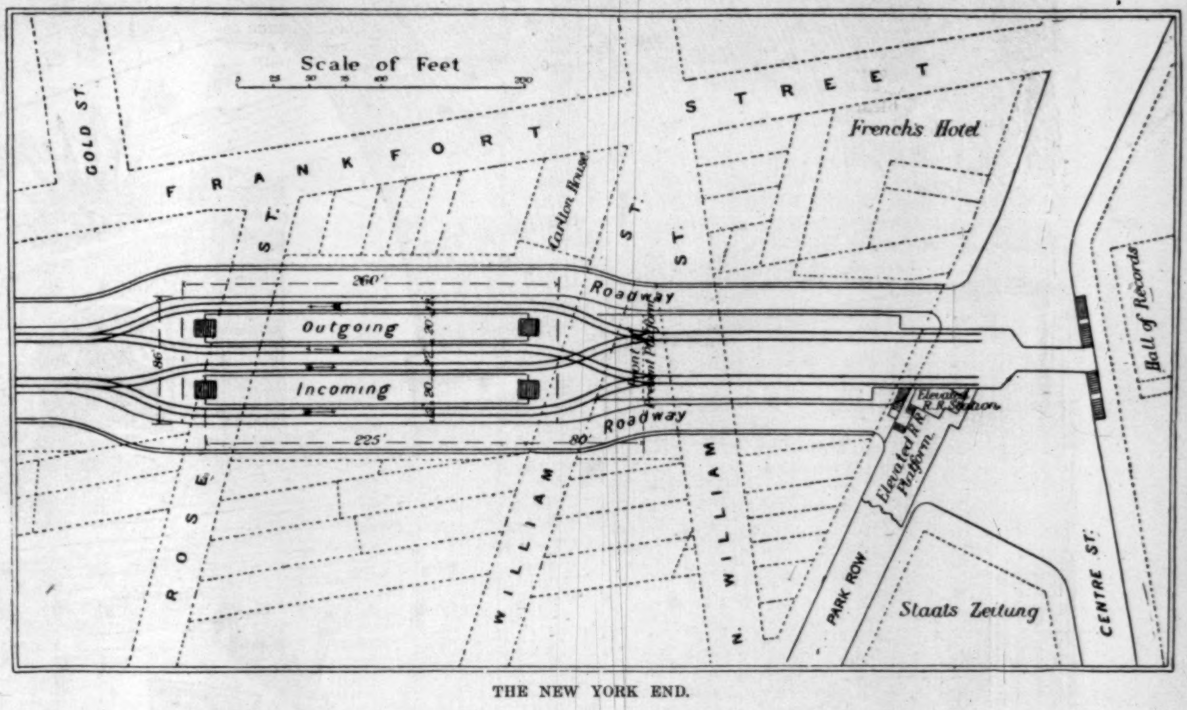
A PAIR OF SNUFFERS.

IT is of the time of GEORGE IV.—MR. BARNARD never need date his sketches—you can tell that from the strangely clad rich little boys in the park. Observe the Japanese telescope lantern style of cap one of them wears. The same wide expanse of territorial collar has been revived for tender youth, but the collapsable cap died out more than half a century ago, and met the fate it richly merited. You will notice too the short-waistedness of those little chaps, and how their breeches button up very high. You will not fail to see, however, that the poor little boys playing under the tree are dressed precisely like they would be to-day. The sample of the miserable child, unkempt, uncared for, never changes. St. James, big and little, follows the fashion. As to St. Giles, the patterns of the rags and tatters in the time of GEORGE IV. were torn in the same shreds as in the Victorian age. The swell life-guardsman, with his strut, has not altered. His swagger is a stereotyped pose, and he always has and always must fascinate the nursery maid. He is so superb that the two small boys gape in wonder at Mars, and neglect the trundling of their hoops.

Seated on the rustic bench, those two cronies may be discussing the battle of Waterloo, or Queen CHARLOTTE's wrongs, or what Mr. CANNING will do, or perhaps are insisting that Mr. HUSKISSON deserves death for having first advocated free trade. The thin old gentleman looks like a bookworm, and his legs are attenuated because they have been crossed too long under a library table. Evidently he became short-sighted from reading badly printed books. He looks sharp, as far as the ferreting out of things goes—that is, the mere act of their discovery—but gullible, as with an infinite capacity for taking for gospel all he reads. There is a roominess, too, about his coat skirt, draped on the bench, which shows that in the pockets he can carry many books there.

The other man is John Bull, the archaic creature, as GILLRAY saw him and drew him. He sits solid with his seventeen stone. He has built himself up with good beef and sound port. He may be of the City substantial in every way; you divine that from the bunch of seals hanging from his fob. His snuff is rappee; the lanker man takes Lundy Foot. The tobacco may be intrinsically of the same value; but one might say that nature has been more kind to the thin man than to the stout one in the way of noses, and therefore in appreciation of the snuff. The thin man's nose was constructed for snuff-taking, the area exposed for titillation being immense. Admirers of Mr. BARNARD may have noticed that besides his many fine qualities as an artist, his acquaintance with nasal idiosyncrasies surpasses that of any other man. The snuffbox of the thinner man opens with a spring and closes with a snap. It is in keeping with the character. The fatter man has a circular box. He never could use a four-sided one without the chances of inflicting personal injury to himself on account of the sharp corners. The two might always be recommending their own peculiar kinds of snuff, and never have exchanged pinches. This snuff-taking was a very decent old habit. There was constant occupation in it. It was an art to present a snuffbox, and to flick off a speck of Maccoboy from the shirt frill—a most graceful thing to do. You could snuff, too, much longer than you could smoke, and it cleared the head, and did not stupefy. Then there could be so much done with snuffboxes. It was so handy for great personages to present handsome snuffboxes, with their portraits set in brilliants, whereas snuff being out of fashion to-day, recipients of court favors get decorations which have no intrinsic value. There have been originals like NAPOLEON; men without reverence for the past dispensed with boxes, though they were snuff-takers. The Corsican Ogre (so these old fellows undoubtedly called him) kept lashings of snuff in a waistcoat pocket which was lined with leather. There are many curious relations between things, and when snuff went out of fashion, the manufacture of colored pocket handkerchiefs declined, as the French would say, *pour cause.* Red noses must have had occasionally other colorations, for we may remember what SOUTHEY said about snuff-taking GODWIN, and SOUTHEY was an even-tempered man: "GODWIN, O GODWIN, he has a foul nose! I never see it without longing to cut it off."

Some day that later march of human progress, starting with the Discovery, will have to follow snuffers and smokers, and many edifying chapters will be written, and he who philosophizes like HERBERT SPENCER will take "The Pair of Snuffers" as representing the height of the snuff epoch. He will give good reasons for the decadence of snuff-taking. When the "poor white trash" of the West and South chewed snuff, and the greater demand for American snuff to-day came to be for the mouth, and not for the nose, then came degradation.



THE NEW YORK END.

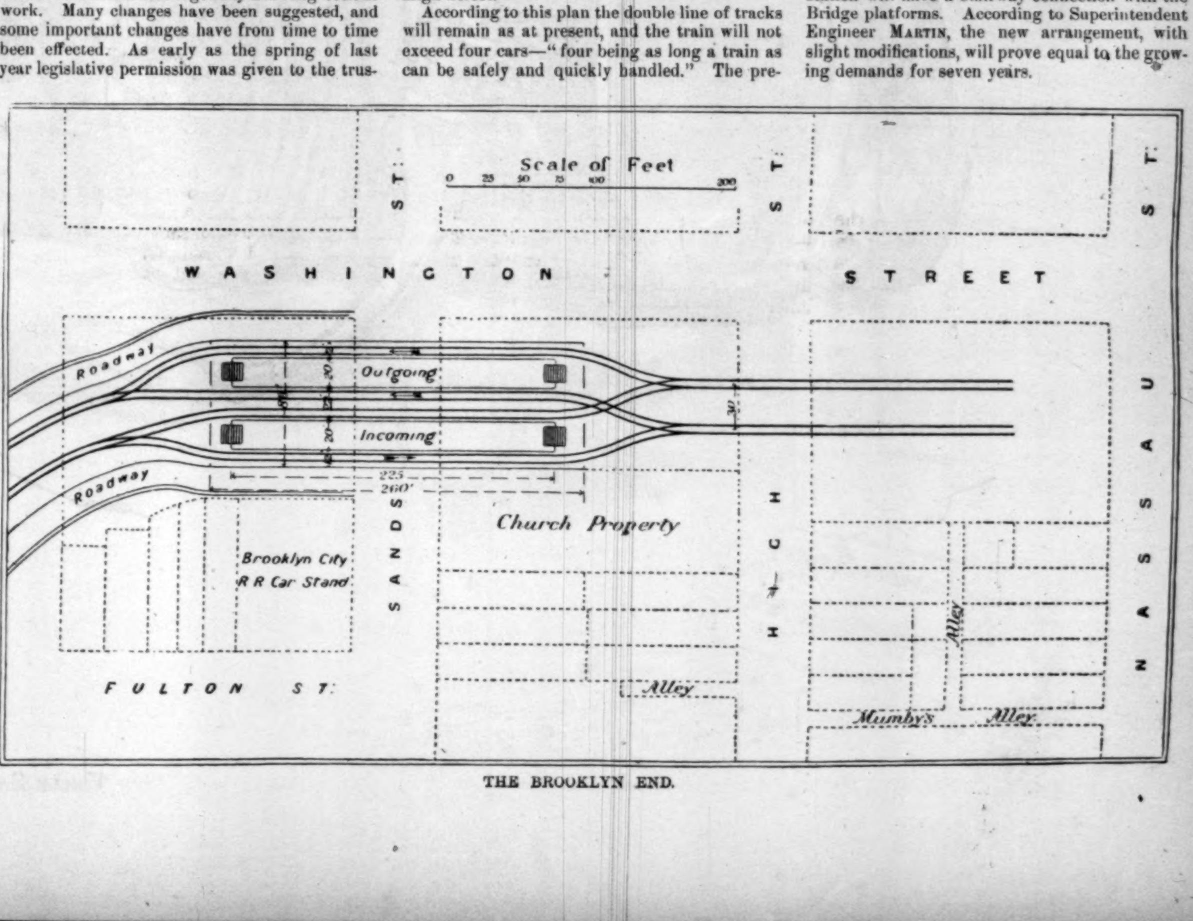
THE NEW PLAN FOR THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE RAILROAD TERMINI.

THE trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge have come to a decision as to the best and most immediately available plan for increasing the carrying capacity of the cable road. The plan adopted is substantially that which for some months past has been associated with the name of General ALBERT C. BARNES. The BARNES plan, in its original form, related mainly to terminal facilities. In the plan adopted, while the BARNES suggestions are retained, certain arrangements are made by which, it is calculated, the carrying capacity of the Bridge will be easily more than doubled.

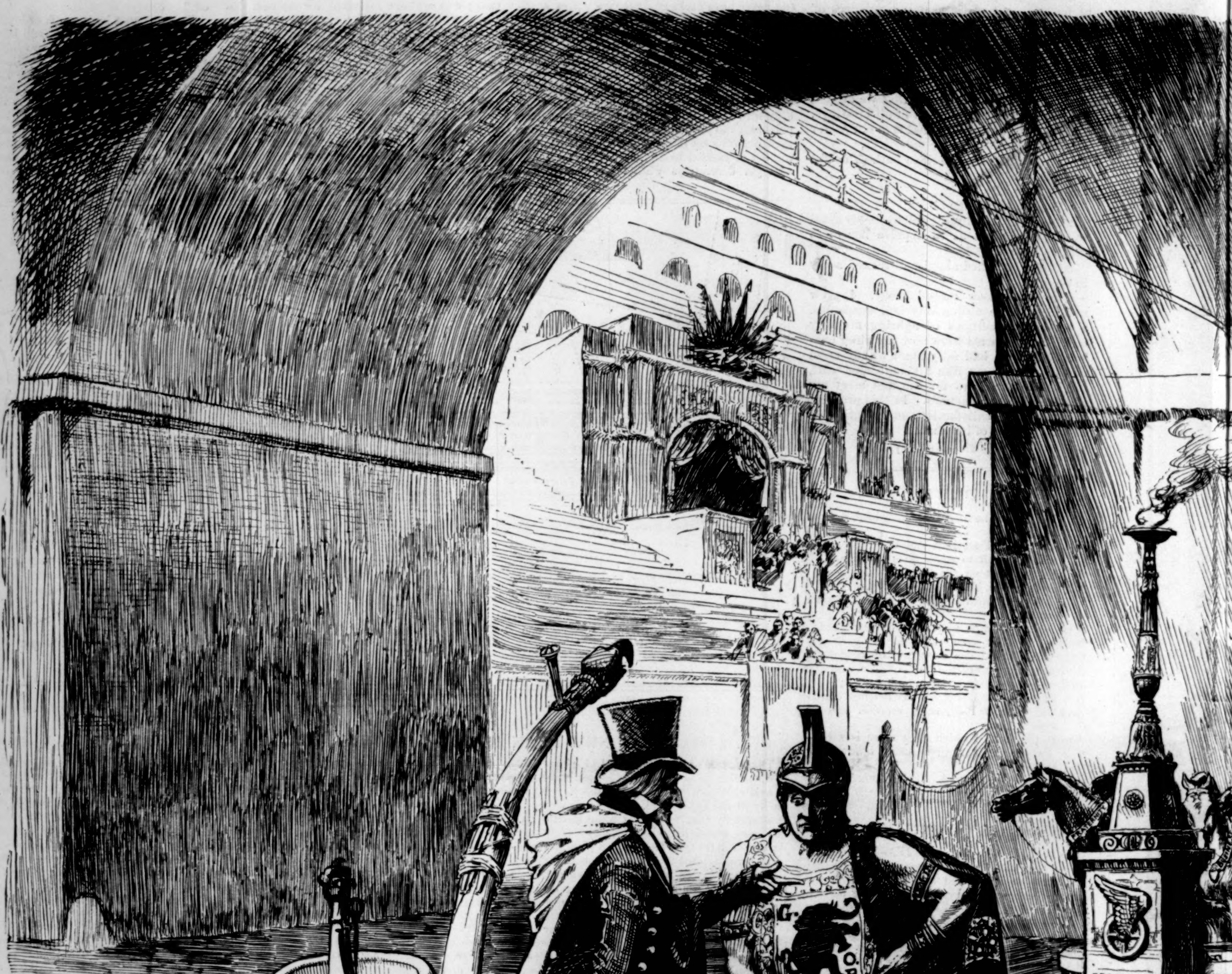
It is now considerably more than a year since this Bridge agitation began. Inconveniences, in fact, have been felt from the time it was opened. The terminal facilities at both ends have always been defective; becoming more and more so as the traffic has increased. The situation on the Brooklyn side particularly has been aggravated by the demand for suitable Bridge connection for the new elevated roads. Then, again, there has been on the part of many the not unnatural desire for continuous railroad connection between New York and Brooklyn by way of the Bridge without the necessity of changing cars. Rising in importance above every other requirement was the fact that the Bridge had created a demand which it could not meet. As it was, its carrying capacity was deficient. To meet these varied demands and necessities ingenuity has long been at work. Many changes have been suggested, and some important changes have from time to time been effected. As early as the spring of last year legislative permission was given to the trustees to acquire the necessary property in Brooklyn, and to extend the Bridge lines of transit as far south as the north side of Concord Street. This arrangement did not satisfy President HOWELL, who has all along manifested a preference for continuing the Bridge lines to the Brooklyn City Hall Square. Some property was purchased, but there was delay in going on with the work. The delay gave birth to alarm. It was feared by some that President HOWELL would spring a surprise upon them by securing permission to carry out his City Hall scheme. The property owners in Washington, Fulton, and the side streets between combined, and formed the Citizens' Association. Under their auspices an expert was employed, and a plan was drawn showing the advantage of Nassau Street as a terminus, with an approach from Concord Street. The ground was high; a common platform could be made serviceable for the elevated roads and for the Bridge, and the platform would be of easy access from the street. It was thought that this plan was not free from disadvantages, and the objection was raised that it did not make sufficient provision for carriage accommodation, at present a grand desideratum. General A. C. BARNES followed with a plan making High Street the terminus, leaving the Sands Street approaches as they are, with additional approaches on the north side of High Street.

According to this plan the double line of tracks will remain as at present, and the train will not exceed four cars—"four being as long a train as can be safely and quickly handled." The present tail-switching system will remain, but just before the platforms at either end are reached each of the two existing tracks will be divided by a switch, and between the new or divided tracks will lie a broad platform. The use of the present side platforms will be discontinued. The trains will follow close upon each other, and of two trains the first will have been drawn out of the way and switched alongside of the outgoing platform before the other will arrive to take its place. Satisfactory arrangements are made for approaches, and the outward appearance of things will not be materially changed. The dividing of the existing tracks at both ends will, of course, imply some lateral extension. There will be a bulging out at both the Brooklyn and the New York stations. In Brooklyn the Sands Street approaches will remain, but there will be new approaches on the north side of High Street. The entire cost of the work to be done under the adopted plan will not exceed $773,000.

The anterior platforms on the Brooklyn side will extend across Sands Street and nearly halfway to High Street. Connection with the original elevated road will be by bridges from the platforms over the outside track, and down the long passageway, as now. If, as proposed, the Union Elevated extends its tracks above the Bridge entrance along Sands Street, the elevated station will have a stairway connection with the Bridge platforms. According to Superintendent Engineer MARTIN, the new arrangement, with slight modifications, will prove equal to the growing demands for seven years.

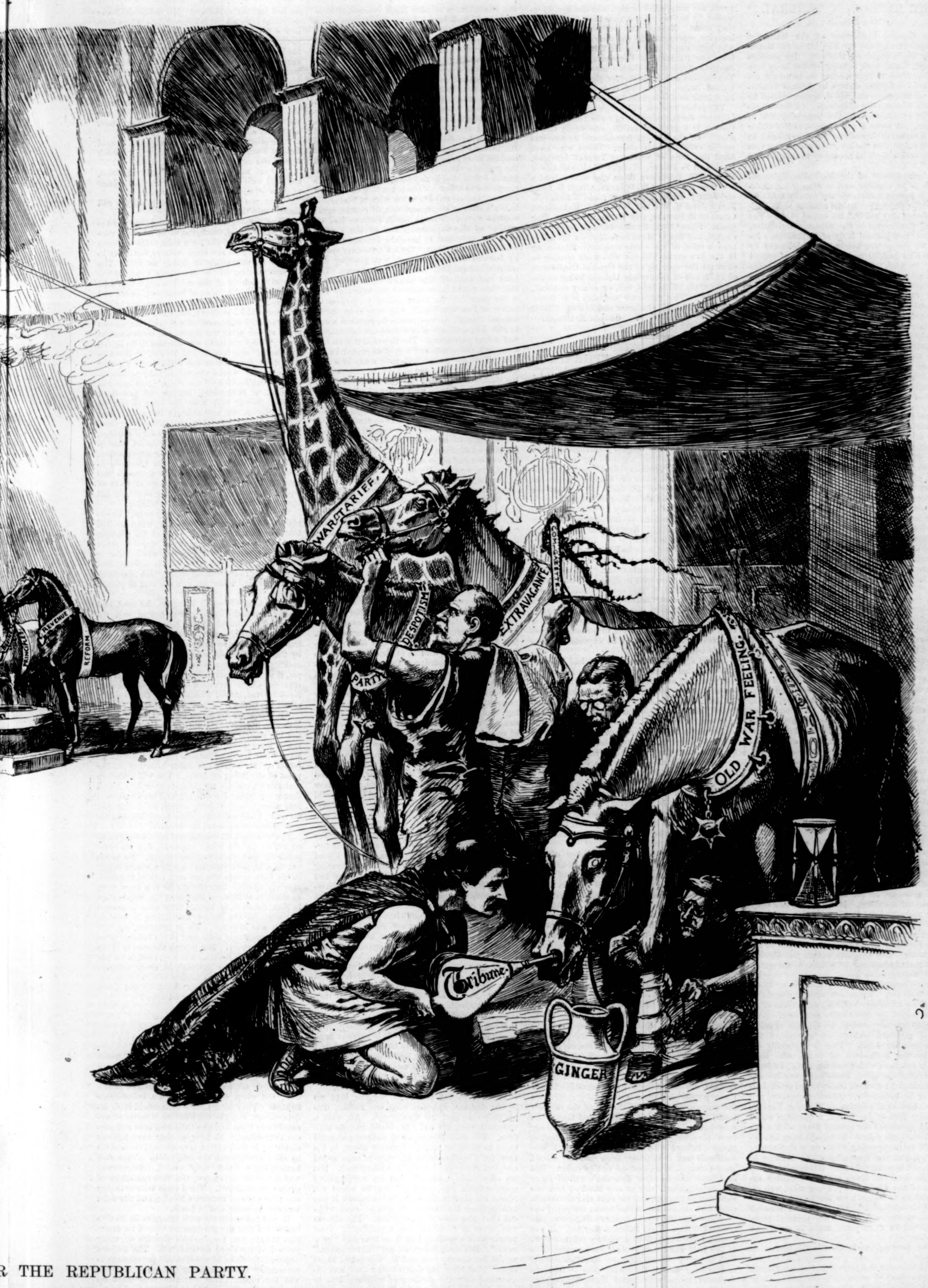


THE BROOKLYN END.


G. O. P.
PROGRESS
W. A. Rogers.

A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR

Uncle Sam. "This yer race is to be no ornery contest, young ma


PRINCIPLES
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REFORM
WAR TARIFF.
PARTY DESPOTISM
EXTRAVAGANCE
COM. GAZETTE
OLD WAR FEELING
Tribune
GINGER

R THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

man, an' if you'll take my advice, don't try it with that old team."

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met on May 1st in the Metropolitan Opera-house of this city. Its sessions are quadrennial, each meeting of the body lasting from three to four weeks; its members are ministerial delegates chosen by Annual Conferences of ministers, and lay delegates chosen by Electoral Conventions of laymen. Of the two orders the ministers have the preponderance of numbers, but upon a call of one-third of either order, a separate vote of each must be taken. In all such cases, says the law, "the concurrent vote of both orders shall be necessary to complete an action."

The government of the Methodist Episcopal Church is so peculiar, and in attempting to describe it so many mistakes are usually made by the secular press, that a brief account of its leading features may not be here out of place. The General Conference is the supreme legislative, executive, and judicial body of Methodism. Its executive powers are nearly all administered by bishops; its judicial powers by courts of appeal created by itself; its legislative powers it holds in its own hands. It makes all needed rules and regulations for the Church, and is limited herein by six restrictive rules, which have the force of organic law. In this fulness of powers it resembles the British Parliament rather than the American Congress. As the Parliament can do whatever it will, save as it is restrained by certain charters known as the British Constitution, so the General Conference can do whatever it will, save as it is limited by six brief restrictions. The Conference has also the appointment of bishops, secretaries of its own benevolent boards, agents of the great publishing houses of which it is the owner, and the editors of its periodicals, of whom there are twelve.

If this were all, there would be no difficulty felt by any one outside of the Methodist Church in understanding the mechanism of its government. But besides what has been said above, the General Conference is the patron of all the pulpits of the Church. The right of presentation to every pulpit vests in itself, and is legally secured by a special form of deed. This vast patronage reaches twenty thousand churches, and is administered by the bishops, who are the officers of the General Conference for this purpose. They are responsible to the Conference for the performance of their trust. And one of its functions at the coming session will be to examine the administration of every bishop during the four past years, and to "pass his character" if his administration is approved. The Methodist episcopate is not, therefore, independent, but, in the words of the late Bishop Harris, "is derived, dependent, and responsible." These bishops have no dioceses; they are compelled, by the organic law, to "travel at large," and if they cease to travel at large they are deprived of office. Practically their administration extends to all parts of the world; besides the churches in the United States, they visit in turn the Methodist churches of Mexico, South America, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Bulgaria, India, China, and Japan. During the past four years Africa has been assigned as a missionary diocese to Bishop William Taylor, the well-known pioneer and evangelist. As the number of the bishops has never exceeded thirteen, this constant circumnavigation of the globe wears heavily upon them; two have already died in Asia while in the performance of official duties. The visitation of the Annual Conferences—one hundred in number—is arranged among themselves at two semi-annual meetings; each bishop retains jurisdiction of the Conference assigned him for a full year.

The General Conference also examines the journals of the Annual Conferences held during the quadrennium, and passes judgment upon their proceedings. It will be seen at once that the work of the General Conference is more than enough to occupy all the thought and time of its four hundred members. It will fall to this body to elect three bishops to fill the vacancies made by the death of Bishops Simpson, Wiley, and Harris; perhaps still others may be chosen to provide for the ever-increasing necessities of administration. One question before the Conference is the admissibility of women as delegates. Several women have been chosen by the lay Electoral Conventions, among them Miss Frances E. Willard. There are serious doubts of the legality of these elections; that point must be determined by the Conference itself. Another question of moment will be the appointment of separate bishops for several of the foreign mission fields. This is especially desired by the Methodists of India, who have grown in numbers with great rapidity. In India many English-speaking Eurasians have become Methodists, and provision for enlarged operations seems to be called for. Another question will be the exact legal position of William Taylor, Missionary Bishop for Africa, a question which has been discussed for several years with much warmth on both sides. Bishop Taylor has established self-supporting missions in the interior of Africa, and the feasibility of his scheme of self-support is much debated. His heroism every one concedes; but there are grave doubts expressed of the wisdom of sending men, women, and children to struggle for life in the heart of the "dark continent." On the point whether this Conference will extend the pastoral term, now limited to three years, there is no settled opinion.

In its personal make-up the Conference is composite, not to say polyglot. The colored Methodists under the jurisdiction of the Church are represented by some sixty delegates; China sends a native layman, who can only speak English through an interpreter. Germany, Scandinavia, and some other foreign missions are represented by natives of the countries from which they come. Most of the foreign missions are, however, represented by the veteran missionaries who have spent their lives in those fields. Ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is the lay delegate of one of the Conferences of East India. The German and Scandinavian Methodists of the United States, numbering over sixty thousand, have their own delegates, foreign or native born.

The public interest will centre in the choice of bishops; for the selection of a chief officer of the Church is a personal matter, and easily understood. Of the present incumbents no one has served over eighteen years. Those who have filled this term of years are Thomas Bowman, Randolph S. Foster, Stephen M. Merrill, and Edward G. Andrews; those who have served a less time are Henry W. Warren, Cyrus D. Foss, and John F. Hurst, eight years; and William X. Ninde, John M. Walden, Willard F. Mallalieu, Charles H. Fowler, and William Taylor, four years. Since 1872 sixteen bishops have been elected, and five of them have died—a little less than a third of the whole number. Reckoning in the five senior bishops who were already in office at the opening of the General Conference of 1872, out of twenty-one bishops living in the period from 1872–1888, ten, or nearly one-half, have died. This excessive mortality is no doubt due in part to the character and extent of their labors.

George R. Crooks.

WHY THE REV. EPHRAIM DOWNEY LEFT THE MINISTRY.

When the doctors of divinity at Waterbury heard that the Rev. Ephraim Downey had descended from the pulpit of Annex, and had mounted the driver's seat on a cart filled with cheap tin and a miscellaneous assortment of trifles which could be exchanged for rags, they shook their learned heads with disgust untempered with mercy.

"He was always mean-spirited," said the President, who rejoiced when the Waterbury men sat in the high places of the earth. "He took the first chance he had after his graduation."

"Yes," said Dr. Popham; "his name has never been mentioned in connection with any church of standing. Every other man in his class now living is a D.D."

Only Dr. Strong, who had been retired, had a word of excuse for him; but as the doctor was "old," his opinion did not count. And thereafter no documents were sent to Ephraim from Waterbury, save such as related to its material upbuilding, and requested "testimonials," etc. To make up one's mind not to give honors to a mean-spirited man is one thing, but to resolve to refuse such moneys as he may have to bestow, requires buckram principles not to be expected from a college needing funds.

At the age of fourteen, Ephraim had believed himself called to preach the gospel. His father was poor, and an education could only be won by his own efforts, but he set himself patiently at it. He did chores for a kindly doctor, and earned his board. By filling the post of janitor at the village academy, he had his tuition free. He was not what is called a brilliant student, but he easily prepared himself to enter Waterbury in the Sophomore year; and if he scrimped his food, and dressed regardless of fashion, he carried off the prizes for Latin and mathematics for two years, and the coveted Greek prize in the third. One pleasure alone was his during this toilsome, though soul-contented, period: he walked home every holiday vacation forty miles across the snow-covered hills that shut his native town from the college. At last he was as ready as a man may be to do his Master's business.

Father Downey was not a member of any church. As a family, the Downeys were of small account, and had married into families of small account. No one ever thought of them in Mossville when enumerating "our best citizens"; so it happened that in all the numerous, blameless tribe there was not a man who could speak a good word for Ephraim with a chance of being heard; and as he belonged to a sect not bound together by formal organization, he was without a settlement long after every man in his class was placed. Even Twacker, the dunce, was established over a flourishing flock in Hoppleton, whose great business interest, malting, was in the hands of Pfitzenmeyer, his maternal uncle. Perhaps if Ephraim had been self-asserting, and had clamored at the doctors of Waterbury, they would have helped him. But he was modest, and they were busy. The Lord would direct where he could best labor, he believed; so when old Farmer Sprague came down from the Blue Rock hills, and asked him to preach in the school-house at Smyrne, a tiny village in the centre of the Blue Rock region, he went, without a thought of the possible effect of the step upon his future. Among the granite rocks the grass grew sweet and thick, and the farmers round about were rich in herds and flocks, but they had so long been accustomed to receiving their preaching for nothing from neighboring pastors imbued with a missionary spirit, it was a difficult task to convince them that they should have a church to support as well as enjoy. But in fifteen months after Ephraim's arrival there was an organized body of one hundred and two members at Smyrne, and the next year the stately elms that shaded the school-house tempered the sunshine that fell upon a neat meeting-house just across the way. Then Ephraim married. It was a most foolish step from a worldly point of view. If the Blue Rock people were sure to find fault with a young woman of many accomplishments and a snug dowry, they were sure to find ten thousand faults with Israel Foster's daughter, though she was as pretty and sweet as one of the wild roses that for a brief time in June made the stone fences of Blue Rock beloved of humming-birds and bees. Israel Foster was of no more account than Father Downey. He had earned a little home and a few acres of land bartering tin-ware for rags; but the house was now mortgaged up to its full value to pay the debts of the son who had lain down in that bed of shame and sorrow—a drunkard's grave. Pretty Ruth knew no more about getting on in the world than Ephraim. They were as worldly wise as two babes in the woods. Having a new meeting-house, for which they praised themselves not a little, and feeling secretly conscious they could pay seven hundred a year as easily as they paid Mr. Downey four, the Blue Rock people were not modest in expressing their dissatisfaction with the pastor's wife. The four hundred dollars began to fall behind in payment, and Ephraim was compelled to break up house-keeping on his own account, and go and live in the wing of his father-in-law's shabby house, and this, of course, made matters worse. Though small, Smyrne had its retailer of the unpleasant, and as the Fosters were not supposed to have the feelings that go with full purses, through them Mr. Downey speedily learned that the church was growing disaffected toward him. He resigned at once. The Lord had need of him elsewhere, he reasoned. But that would have been an anxious year had it not been for the never-failing tenderness of father and mother Foster, who were even unreasonable enough to weep when he received a call to Sawville, a village of two thousand inhabitants and a real post-office. The Sawville church had a big new bell-tower, and a debt of proportionate size. The late pastor had gone away in a stiff quarrel, as had each one of his predecessors, and the church was divided into two hostile camps of about equal numbers, with either of which it was destruction for the pastor to sympathize. For eight years Mr. Downey ministered to this people, trying to bring peace where, from the nature of things, there could only be "pieces." At last the election of a deacon disturbed the hardly maintained equilibrium to such a degree the pastor was compelled to resign. "I did the best I could," he wrote to Dr. Strong. "But, my dear old friend, they would fight St. Peter. I speak simply the truth."

"To justify self, we sometimes approach dangerous ground," wrote back Dr. Strong, with very black lines under the words; but he added, kindly, "I have sent your name to Sandy Creek, a most desirable settlement, and also to Annex."

Sandy Creek was determined to call a D.D. Plenty were to be had cheap. Ephraim, therefore, never received so much as a postal card from that committee. But Annex, being oppressed by a big debt and the failure of one of its principal givers (known vaguely as "a speculator"), called him at twelve hundred dollars—eight hundred less than the least they had ever before given a pastor. Annex prices were exorbitant. But Ephraim was ignorant of this fact, and believing the call "a leading of Providence," as no doubt it was, accepted it. The church membership was very like a panorama. Families moved in from Zoar, staid a year, then, tired of living "ten miles from a lemon," returned. It was very necessary that the Annex pastor should be a drawing man, the permanent residents said, to persuade new-comers of means to remain. He must, of course, be a social man, and know the gossip of Zoar. His wife, too, must be lively, and a credit to the congregation. With weedy whiskers, mild gray eyes, and red hands, Ephraim could no more be stylish than he could fly. But good clothes, could he have afforded them, would have improved his looks, and a horse and buggy would have greatly facilitated his sociability; for Annex was in the hands of the real-estate men, and though small in numbers, was vast in distances. The late pastor had received ten hundred dollars per annum more. His wife, too, had a private fortune, and he had been able to go about in a neat coupé, in excellent broadcloth, and, most pleasing of all, at his own expense. Then, too, he had been to Europe, and had a standard by which to make critical suggestions. But the end would not have come so soon could Mr. Downey have brought himself to preach without a manuscript. The pastor of the largest and most fashionable church of Annex stood up before his people like a prestidigitator who wishes to convince his audience there is nothing up his sleeves, and preached without a visible note. His sermons were good, too, and the ease with which he delivered them went far to prove the assertion made by the unthinking part of his congregation, viz., that they were extempore. "I write my sermons out and commit them," admitted Dr. Bland, when Mr. Downey, after a hectoring deacons' meeting, questioned him on the subject. "It is nervous business. I positively must not be disturbed while I am at work—for nothing less than a death or the house afire. Fan time is, too, very trying to me; and I never go into the pulpit without a nervous chill, lest a restless child be in the audience."

Yielding to the persistent nagging kept up by his deacons, Ephraim went one Sunday into his pulpit without his manuscript. Ah, what a wretched week it cost! Dr. Bland had no children. The little Downeys had romped and cried twice as much as usual. Looking about, in his turn, for a restless child, Ephraim at once found one, and nearly lost his wits in consequence. But his effort was a success, and his congregation congratulated him warmly. But he would not repeat the performance—for performance it was to him, since his was not the gift to speak without that preparatory memorizing. The church was never in so prosperous a condition. Poor people were crowding into it to hear the "good news." But these things did not "fill the ticket," as the fat deacon said, and he was asked to resign. That week his father-in-law died, and bequeathed only the memory of unfailing love to his heirs. In eight months Ephraim was as far from a settlement as on the day he resigned, and he had just twelve dollars. His oldest child was dropsical from scarlet-fever, and Ruth would soon add a fifth to the group. Mother Foster, deaf and childish, was come to live with them. It was the beginning of winter, and in ten days a month's rent would fall due. Worst of all, his late charge were angry that he did not leave town. They had a new preacher, who recited his sermons even more glibly than Dr. Bland, and his black side whiskers gave him a most stylish appearance. He was, too, investing in corner lots. It was embarrassing to have Mr. Downey going about seedy and sorrowful.

"I s'pose you'll go home pretty soon?" said Deacon Padgett, that fateful morning. "I think myself you can't go too soon."

"I have no home to go to," said Ephraim, thinking with a swelling heart of the little house at Smyrne, now closed to him forever.

"Then you ought to have some place you call home," said the deacon, wrathfully.

When evening came, feeling the house was too small to hold him, cumbered as he was with worries, Ephraim went out for a walk. He was soon striding along in the open country, but what to do was as impossible to decide as ever. The strident rustling of the dry leaves accented the mournful sighing of the north wind, which still had the herby fragrance of iron-weed, asters, and golden-rod. At last he stood on the narrow bridge that spanned North Creek, and as he looked down into the still blackness of the pool the stream made at this point, the tempter of souls assailed him. "Why not leave the question to be solved by others?" was breathed in his ear. "Down in that quiet spot, where the eddy holds all that comes to it for weeks, you will lie long undisturbed." A mist obscured the stars. Not one was reflected, a glimmering shadow, in the dark depths Lower and lower he bent, drawn by something he did not attempt to resist. Rest was there just beneath him, and he was very tired. His hands hung limp, one foot was over the bridge, when a sleepy bird called faintly to its mate in the cedars. Instantly a brave clear answer came. It had been one of Ephraim's few pleasures to note the ways of birds, and his attention was aroused in an instant. Then a great wave of shame swept over him, and crying aloud, he fell upon his knees in the dust of the bridge.

"I asked the Lord what I ought to do," he explained to his wife the next day, when he had told her that he had spent half of his precious hoard of money for a quantity of wares to stock his father-in-law's old rag-cart, which mother Foster, quite regardless of public opinion, had brought with her from Smyrne. "He heard me, Ruth dear, and I saw father's old cart as plainly as I see you."

The Annex *Chronicle*, being on the spot, and feeling sympathy in its plural bosom, said nothing. The *Church Organ*, being far from the spot, and quite ignorant of the circumstances, and irritated perhaps by the publicity given the step by the Zoar *Scraper*, which never neglected the making of a paragraph at any cost to other people, if at small cost to itself, made Ephraim the text on which depended a biting sermonette. Kind-hearted, stupid Twacker, now Dr. Twacker, asked the reason.

"It is because my father-in-law is dead," wrote Ephraim, humbly. "I always had a refuge under his roof. Vacations, when people expected me to leave town, and I had no money, and always when I was without a charge, we went to father's. My salary has never been beyond the point of our living expenses. You will therefore understand, without my going further into detail, that when father Foster died, and his home went into other hands, with no money, no charge, and no trade, I had no choice, since seven helpless beings depended upon me for support."

The first week on the rag-cart Mr. Downey earned fifteen dollars above expenses, and his independence and worldly career began. He sends out men himself now, and keeps a smart buggy in his barn beside the red cart retired to honorable desuetude. But though he is a busy man, as the firm of Downey, Badger, & Co., rag-dealers in Zoar, ought to be, he still finds time to do special work for the Master, and labors in mission schools and charities. He is generous, too, and sends a snug sum each year to his beloved *alma mater*, Waterbury. But though the course of his life has been as open as the day, though he has held himself above reproach in every relation, public and private, the question is still asked suspiciously behind his back, "What do you think is the real reason he left the ministry?"

THE YAQUI INDIANS.

The Yaqui Indians, one of the aboriginal tribes of old Mexico, inhabit a fertile portion of Sonora lying along the banks of the great Yaqui River. The people are naturally industrious and peaceable, but when once aroused are indomitable fighters. They have always maintained their independence, and the old Spanish viceroys recognized their right to make their own laws and govern themselves. As long as they were left undisturbed in their rights they devoted themselves to stock-raising, and the cultivation of the rich bottom-lands which they owned. Sugar-cane was grown in abundance, and vast quantities of grain were produced. The Yaquis were in reality the producers of northern Mexico, and the tribe was rich in cattle and in lands.

It was not until the civil struggles in Mexico had ended that the government turned its attention toward the Yaquis, who through so many years had remained undisturbed. The Indians disputed the claim of the Mexican government to sovereignty over the country, and a bloody war was the result. This war has been kept up through many years, with brief intervals of peace, and it will probably continue until the tribe is completely exterminated. During this struggle the Yaquis have shown wonderful courage and patriotism, and under their great leader Cajeme have heroically resisted all efforts of the Mexicans to subjugate them. Cajeme was a pure-blooded Yaqui Indian who served for many years in the Mexican army under General Pesqueiro against various revolutionary leaders. He developed great military ability, and was promoted to a Captaincy as a reward for his faithful services. Afterward he was elected Alcalde Mayor of the Yaquis; but when the government of Sonora attempted to take their lands, he sided with his people, and advised them to resist to the bitter end. For this act his home was raided, the female members of his household brutally treated, his house burned, and all of his property destroyed or carried off. In battles which followed, Cajeme had his revenge for this outrage, as he is said to have slain with his own hands upward of twenty men.

In 1873 Cajeme was proclaimed King of the Yaquis; and in 1875, 1500 Mexicans, under his former chief Pesqueiro, marched against him. He defeated them in a bloody battle, and forced the recognition of his nation's independence. The war was afterward renewed, and in 1882 Cajeme, at the head of 3000 Mayos and Yaquis, defeated the government forces on the Yaqui River with great slaughter. The war was kept up, with victory generally on the side of the Indians, until General Martinez, with 5000 troops, was sent to crush the Indians. Instead of attacking Cajeme in his stronghold, Martinez played a waiting game. He guarded every pass leading into the Yaqui country, thus shutting off all avenues through which the Indians could possibly obtain supplies, and leaving them entirely dependent upon their own resources for subsistence. The Mexican troops continually harassed the Yaquis so that they could not cultivate their fields, and in a short time their flocks and herds began to disappear. After three years of this kind of warfare the Indians abandoned their rich lands and retired into the barren and almost inaccessible mountains south of the river. Martinez continued his policy, and quietly camped his forces along the river-banks, and put steamers to plying up and down the stream, so as to prevent the Indians from crossing again.

At last hunger triumphed, and starving bands of Yaquis began to come in and surrender. The leaders were usually shot, and the others sent far into the interior of Sonora, where they were permitted to go to work at anything they could find to do. Left without the means of further resistance, and almost without followers, Cajeme made his way in disguise to Guaymas, and sought refuge in the house of a relative in the outskirts of the town. Here he was captured through the treachery of one of his countrywomen. The woman's brother had been a follower of Cajeme, had been taken prisoner by Martinez, and in common with several others had been sentenced to be shot. The woman went to Martinez, and, as "a bearer of good news," prayed as a boon that her brother's life might be spared. She then made known Cajeme's hiding-place, and Martinez, hastily summoning a posse, surrounded the house and made him a prisoner. He was secretly given a hearing before a military tribunal, and was sentenced to death. He was not informed of his fate, but he instinctively knew what to expect, and without a murmur heroically prepared to meet his doom. Under the pretext of allowing him to return to his own people, he left Guaymas with a guard of eighteen men, ostensibly for Cocorit, the chief town of the Yaqui country. Instead of going to Cocorit the party disembarked on the river bottom, about twenty miles below the town, and here in a thick forest Cajeme was shot. This was on the 23d of April, 1887, and the same evening Cajeme's mutilated body, dangling across a mule, was taken to Cocorit, and turned over to his people for burial. Cajeme was shot seven times, and in addition to these wounds, received a fearful sabre cut across the face.

Close to the spot where Cajeme was executed stand two immense crosses, with many smaller ones around. They are raised in honor of the Mexicans who were slain in one of Cajeme's early victories; for it was in this very wood that he met and defeated General Carbo, killing many of his troops; Carbo saved himself by flight. In character Cajeme was far different from the cruel Mexican generals against whom he fought. It is said that he repeatedly escorted Mexican women and children falling into his hands to the very verge of his enemies' camps, and at times he personally escorted them to the outskirts of Guaymas in order that no harm might befall them. Mexican soldiers who were captured by Cajeme's followers were seldom shot, but were usually well treated and kept in camp, with the hope that they might be exchanged for some of their own people. Martinez, on the contrary, shot every prominent Yaqui who fell into his hands, and it is said that on one occasion, in Cocorit, he roped a Yaqui woman, the wife of a chief, and dragged her to death. He gained the reputation of being a bloody monster during the war against Maximilian, and after the downfall of the imperial government he spared no Frenchman who came in his way.

During this long struggle against the Mexicans, the Yaquis developed remarkable mechanical skill, and learned to make every article they used. The cartridges for their rifles could not be replaced, so they found out a way of reloading the shells which had once been used. They manufactured a coarse powder, and bullets were made from the lead which they dug from mines known only to themselves.

The execution of Cajeme did not end the Yaqui war, for many of the people went back into the mountains determined to avenge his death.

The rich Yaqui lands have virtually passed into the hands of the government, and the remnants of the tribe scattered through Sonora own absolutely nothing; but there are still so many unconquered Indians in the mountains that it is necessary to maintain a large standing army along the banks of the Yaqui River.

Indeed, as we write these closing lines, tidings come from Nogales that the Mexican forces have reopened the campaign against these independent bands in the mountains, and that hostilities are carried on with rigor. In the latter part of April a body of regulars under Major Enciso and Lieutenant Valtorral, dividing into two columns, simultaneously attacked a band of Yaquis who were strongly posted in the Zamalaques Mountains, near the town of Agua Verde. A sharp fight ensued, in which the Yaquis were at last dislodged, with a loss, according to the Mexicans, of seventeen killed and many wounded. This, however, was only a single point occupied by Yaqui bands in Sonora; there are others, from which they must be driven step by step.

It is thus already made clear that if the Mexicans expected the death of Cajeme to be followed by the complete submission of the Yaqui and Mayo Indians, they will be disappointed. Although his courage, audacity, and soldierly skill will be missed, yet the spirit of independence is strong in all his old followers, and comes down to them from the war against the Spanish in 1735, through many a one since. As half a century ago the defeat of their great chief Banderas by General Urea, after a struggle lasting many years, did not wholly reduce them to subjection, so now, even with the loss of Cajeme, they are likely to prolong resistance to the utmost, aided by the natural obstacles of swamps and of difficult mountains. Their love of freedom as a stimulus to war is re-enforced by the evidence of breach of faith by the Mexican forces, already spoken of. It is also said that alleged promises to secure to the tribe severalty titles to their lands were not kept; that hundreds of their countrymen were enticed by false pretences on board Mexican vessels and taken to Colima; that land-grabbers, under the protection of Sonora troops, have seized their homes on the Yaqui River. Seeing that they were treated as outlaws who had no hope of mercy, and that the property even of those who were not in arms was confiscated, early during the present winter the mountain bands showed by raids that they were determined to fight to the bitter end, and now the war is resumed with desperation.

NOISES.

All night I slept within my tent,
  Pitched in those woods where geysers roar;
And every hour Old Faithful sent
  His hoarse, fierce message to my door.
But never once, in slumber bound,
  By all his screaming was I stirred;
At dawn, I started at a sound,
  Roused by the twittering of a bird.

A. W. R.

UNCLE SAM'S LIGHT-HOUSES.

When, in August, 1789, Uncle Sam started in the light-house business, having accepted from the several States the cession of the light-houses which had been erected by them, they were but eight in number. The Light-house Board is now charged with the maintenance, at a cost of about two and a half millions of dollars annually, of 1997 lighted aids to navigation, and of 4378 unlighted aids (fog-signals, buoys, etc.).

The first light-house erected on this continent was built on Little Brewster Island, at the entrance to Boston Harbor, in 1715–16 by an order of the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts, dated June 9, 1715. George Worthylake, husbandman, was appointed keeper, at £50 a year. In 1817 his salary was increased to £70, because "he lost 59 sheep by drowning in a severe storm, his attendance on the light-house preventing him from saving them." In attending to his light at the risk of losing his sheep, George Worthylake exhibited a characteristic with which the Light-house Board seeks to imbue every light-house keeper; for every keeper is instructed to stand by his light, though his property, and even his family, should perish before his eyes. The view of the light-house in the illustration is from a rare print in the possession of the Light-house Board, which the Naval Secretary to the Board, Commander Henry S. Picking, courteously placed at my disposal, explaining, at the same time, that the vessel at anchor near the light is an armed British customs pinnace, the establishment having been supported by light dues of 1*d.* per ton on all vessels except coasters.

The seven light-houses besides that on Little Brewster Island which were ceded to the United States in 1789 were the Harbor Light, Portsmouth, N. H.; Gurnet Light, near Plymouth, Mass.; Brant Point Light, on Nantucket; Beaver Tail Light, on Conanicut Island, R. I.; the Sandy Hook Light; that on Cape Henlopen, Del.; and the Charleston Main Light, on Morris Island, at the entrance of Charleston Harbor. All these lights are still maintained by our Light-house Board. This Board, which is under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, is composed of "two officers of the navy of high rank, two officers of the Corps of Engineers of the Army, and two civilians of high scientific attainments." Among those who have served on the Board are Professor Henry, Professor Alexander D. Bache, General John Newton, General John G. Barnard, and Rear-Admirals Shubrick, Rodgers, and Wyman. Among the members of the present Board are Vice-Admiral Rowan, Professor Julius E. Hilgard, Commander Henry F. Picking, and Major David Porter Heap.

There are 9959 nautical miles of coast to this country, exclusive of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers, along which there are aids to navigation. For the purposes of administration the Board has divided the territory into fifteen districts. The most important of these is the third, because it is the chief depot of supplies for the whole light-house establishment. The Inspector of the district is Commodore Andrew E. K. Benham, U.S.N., and the Engineer is Colonel James C. Duane, Corps of Engineers, U.S.A. The head-quarters of this district are at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

In difficulty of construction, our light-house on Minot's Ledge outranks even the other ten sea-rock lights of the world, though each of these is a triumph of human ingenuity—a monument of a victory wrung from the ocean itself. The greater part of the foundation of the light-house now on Minot's Ledge is under water, and it required two and a half years of work before the rock was sufficiently levelled to allow the first foundation stone to be laid. The Minots lie off the south-eastern chop of Boston Bay. In 1847 Captain Swift, U. S. Engineers, began, under an appropriation of $40,000, the erection of an iron skeleton light-house, an octagon supported on three series of iron piles, the bottom series being inserted in holes that had been drilled in the rock. The structure was finished in 1848.

In April, 1851, a storm whose fury has made it historical burst over the New England coast. Beginning the night of Monday, April 14th, it continued until the following Friday, reaching its height on Wednesday, the 16th, when a perfect hurricane raged. On the afternoon of that day groups of anxious watchers gathered upon the Cohasset shore, and gazed out over the sea toward the light-house. At four o'clock a platform the keepers had erected on and firmly fastened to a series of horizontal braces was washed ashore. Then it was that the peril of those in the light-house was fully realized. To tear away the platform the sea must have risen to within seven feet of the solid part of the structure. The alarm of those ashore grew as the storm increased in fury. They knew that with the turn of the tide the wind blowing against it would raise the sea mountain high. But, lo! as the sun sank beneath the horizon the light shone out through the storm. At intervals it was obscured, probably by the spray which the waves showered over it as they broke against the structure. Darkness still found the groups of watchers on the shore. The intervals between the periods when the light shone brightly grew longer and longer. The sea was rising higher and higher. At ten o'clock the light was seen for the last time. Still the watchers remained alongshore gazing out upon the angry sea. At one o'clock Thursday morning, about the time for the turn of the tide, the tolling of the light-house bell was heard for a few seconds above the howling of the tempest. At daybreak no trace of the light-house was to be seen. It is supposed to have been overthrown at the moment when the bell rang out above the storm. In the opinion of engineers the destruction of this light-house was due to three causes: the parsimony of Congress, which should have placed at least three times the amount appropriated at Captain Swift's disposal; the folly of the keepers in erecting a platform which opposed a large surface to the sea; and in attaching a hawser from the lantern deck to a granite anchor. Up and down this hawser they ran a landing chair. Under the action of the waves it tugged at the structure with the strength of a number of men designing to pull it down.

But if the keepers of the first Minot light were foolish, they were also heroic. On that fearful night they, knowing their doom almost upon them—for they well knew that rescue from shore was impossible—lighted the lamp. To the end they were faithful to their charge. And when the light-house was overthrown they perished with it.

In 1852, when the Light-house Board as now constituted was created, the matter of erecting a new light-house on Minot's Ledge was turned over to it, and General Totten designed the granite tower of eighty feet height which was lighted for the first time November 15, 1860, and promises to last as long as the ledge itself.

Our only other sea-rock light-house is on Spectacle Reef, at the northern end of Lake Huron. It is built in eleven feet of water. In winter it is exposed to the almost irresistible living force of large ice-fields, some two feet in thickness, which at times are moved to and fro by currents with a velocity of three miles per hour. In the spring of 1875, the light having been discontinued during the winter, the ice was piled up against the light-house to a height of thirty feet, so that the keepers were obliged to cut their way through to the door. The erection of this light-house was authorized by Congress in 1868, two vessels having been the year before wrecked almost simultaneously on this reef. The tower was designed by General Poe, while General Reynolds planned the outer pier, against which the ice is crushed and its action so impeded that it grounds on the shoal, and itself acts as an additional barrier.

One of the most exposed stations in the world is that on Tillamook Rock—an isolated rock which rises boldly out of the Pacific Ocean some twenty miles south of the mouth of the Columbia River, and about a mile off the headland on the Oregon coast known as Tillamook Head. The water about it varies in depth from ninety-six feet over a limited area on the south side to two hundred and forty feet, and seems to be constantly in commotion. On the 21st of October, 1879, four men were landed from a boat, but with so much difficulty and at such great peril that another method was devised. The surf-boat which had landed the men returned to the revenue-cutter that was anchored to a spar buoy previously placed about three hundred feet from the rock, and receiving the end of a hawser, the other end of which was fastened to the cutter's mast, carried to the rock, where it was wound around a ledge that projected at a height of eighty-five feet above the sea. It was then drawn taut from the vessel, and rigged with a "traveller," which moved freely along it. Attached to this traveller underneath was a large projecting hook. The traveller could by an endless line be hauled back and forth along the hawser between the vessel and the rock. By this means supplies attached to the hook could be landed. The men were landed in a "breeches buoy" slung from the traveller. As, owing to the commotion of the sea, the vessel was almost constantly rolling or pitching, it was impossible to keep the cable taut. In consequence the traveller sometimes ran so close to the surface of the sea that it was not unusual for the package or passenger to get dipped.

Early in January, 1880, a terrific tornado swept down the coast. The waves, after rebounding from the rock, were, by the force of the wind, thrown entirely over it, and in their descent carried away the supply-house and endangered the quarters of the men. The storm reached its height the night of the 9th. On that night the lights of a vessel were seen approaching the rock. She was at one time so near it that the workmen could hear the creaking of the blocks, and could distinguish the orders of her officers. Not a mile from the rocks she was dashed to pieces on the main shore. She was the English iron bark *Lupata*. Her crew of twenty was lost. The station was completed in February, 1881. During a storm on December 16 and 17, 1886, seas from the southwest dashed against the rock with such violence that large quantities of water were thrown on the structure, destroying portions of the roof and carrying away a brick parapet and concrete filling in a low place outside the fence, throwing a mass of the filling weighing half a ton over the fence.

Some of the most picturesque light-houses in this country are on the rocks off the coast of Maine. None can claim a site of wilder beauty than the structure on the barren and jagged Martinicus Rock, twenty-five miles out at sea. A cobble-stone dwelling with a wooden tower at each end was built in 1827; but in 1847 a granite dwelling with granite towers was built, and the wooden towers removed. The old dwelling is used for an out-house. In 1853 Samuel Burgess was appointed keeper. His daughter Abbie, fourteen years old, was his only assistant; for his wife was an invalid, his son generally away on a fishing cruise in the Bay of Chaleur, and his other four children were little girls. January 19, 1856, while Burgess was away, and Abbie had entire charge of the lights, there was a terrific gale. The sea made a complete breach over the rock. Once, when the sea fell off a little, Abbie ran out through water knee-deep to the chicken-coop, and rescued all the chickens but one. Hardly was she back in the house, when a wave swept over the rock with such force that it demolished the old dwelling. For four weeks the weather was so rough that Burgess could not return to the station. In 1861 Captain Grant and his son relieved Burgess. Abbie instructed them in their duties, and in the same year was married to Captain Grant's son. They lived on the rock until 1875, when Mr. Grant was appointed keeper of White Head Light, Maine, with his wife as assistant.

In Southern waters iron-pile light-houses are most practicable, and there are some fifty such structures off our Southern coast. Prominent among these is the Fowey Rocks light, which is supported on nine piles driven ten feet into the live coral rock on the extreme northern point of the Florida reefs. Work was begun on this structure in 1875; it was first lighted on June 15, 1878.

Among the finest light-house structures in the country is that at the Highlands of Navesink, on the Shrewsbury River, about four and a half miles from Sandy Hook. It consists of two brown-stone towers fifty-three feet in height and two hundred and twenty-eight feet apart. They are connected by a brown-stone castellated wall, which forms the front of the dwellings for the keeper and his three assistants. The northwest tower is octagonal; the southeast tower square. The first structure on this site, which was erected under the administration of John Quincy Adams, was of wood. Seafarers from Europe sight the Highland lights soon after that on Fire Island, which is the first light to be seen by them.

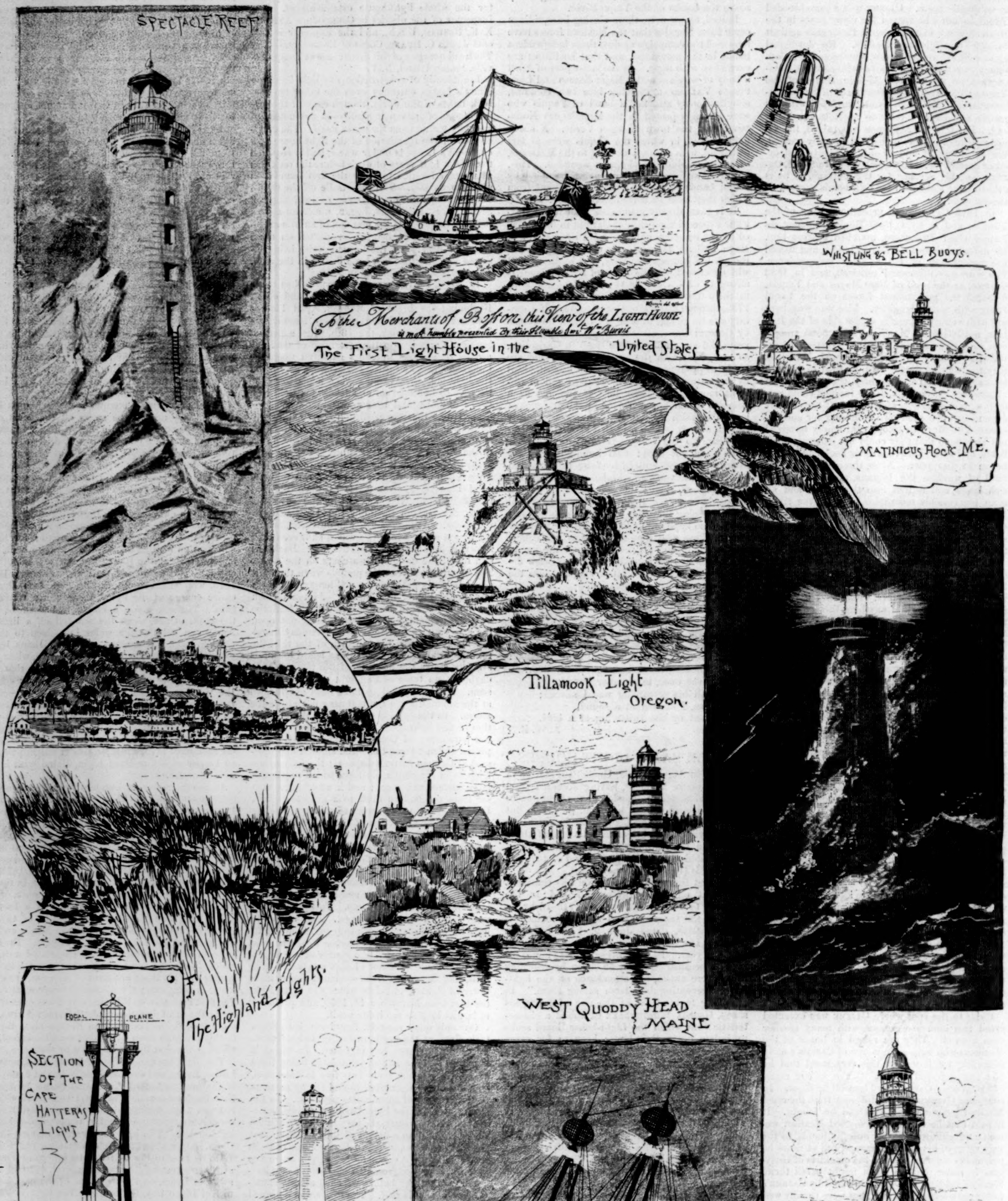
The light-house at West Quoddy Head, near Lubec, Maine, and overlooking the Bay of Fundy, is the last station of the United States on the New England coast. The tower is painted with red and white horizontal stripes, and hence it is sometimes spoken of as the peppermint-candy light-house. The highest tower is that of the Cape Hatteras light, which measures 189 feet from its base to the centre of its lantern. That at the greatest height above sea-level, 462 feet, is at Point Loma, on the west side of the entrance to San Diego Bay, California. The light visible at the greatest distance is that on the western slope of Cape Mendocino, California. It can be seen from twenty-eight miles away.

The salaries of keepers range from $1000 down to $80 per annum, the former sum being paid to the men in the most isolated and exposed stations. Light-house keepers are held to strict accountability. If a light goes out, the keeper is discharged, no matter what his excuse. A keeper who is found intoxicated is at once ejected.

I have already mentioned several instances of heroism in the light-house service. Another of its heroines, besides Abbie Burgess, is Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, keeper of the Lime Rock Light-house in Newport Harbor, who has rescued a number of people from drowning. In February, 1881, the Sharp's Island light, in Chesapeake Bay, was carried away by the ice. The keepers tended the light to the last. When the structure was carried away they clung to it, and managed to save not only themselves, but a great part of the valuable apparatus.

Everything considered, Uncle Sam may well be proud of his light-houses, and of his nephews and nieces who keep them.

Gustav Kobbé.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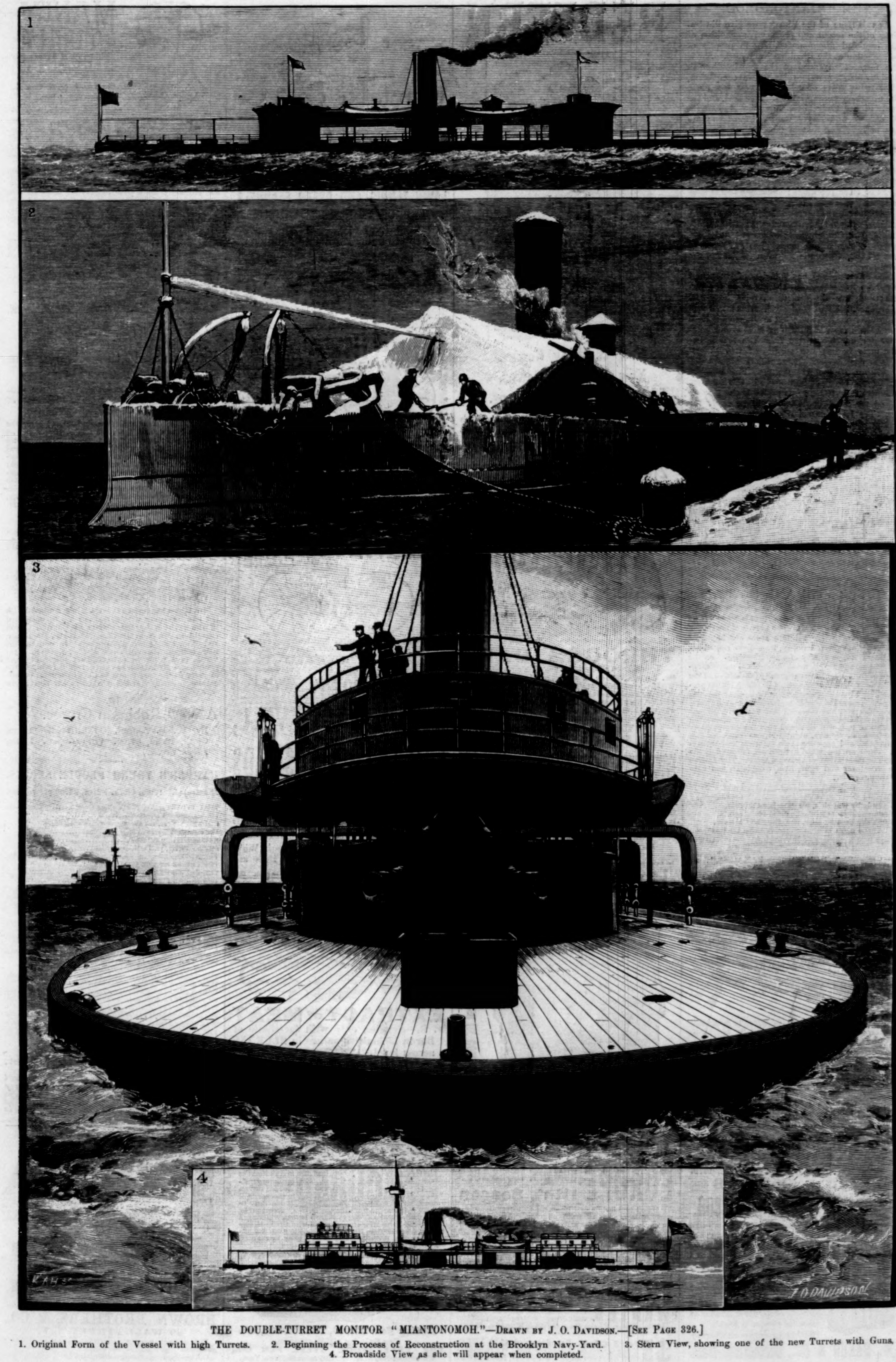
WRECK OF
A LIGHT-SHIP.
FOWEY ROCKS FLORIDA.

TYPICAL LIGHT-HOUSES OF THE UNITED STATES.—Drawn by F. A. Feraud.—[See Page 323.]



THE DOUBLE-TURRET MONITOR "MIANTONOMOH."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

1. Original Form of the Vessel with high Turrets. 2. Beginning the Process of Reconstruction at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. 3. Stern View, showing one of the new Turrets with Guns. 4. Broadside View as she will appear when completed.

THE "MIANTONOMOH."

In this issue of the Weekly we give illustrations of the recent and prospective condition of the iron-clad *Miantonomoh*, now in process of construction at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She is the farthest advanced of the five iron-hulled, double-turret monitors for whose completion, after many years of delay, Congress has made the necessary appropriations. Her keel, and the keels of her three sister-ships, the *Amphitrite*, *Monadnock*, and *Terror*, were laid fourteen years ago, in 1874, and that of the *Puritan* the year following; but they were not launched until 1883. The *Miantonomoh* is of 3887 tons displacement, being 250 feet long, 55½ feet beam, and 14⅓ mean draught. Her three sister-vessels are of the same size. She is expected to have a speed of 10 or 10½ knots; and while this is slow compared with what is exacted of modern war vessels, it will be enough for her mission of coast defence. Her total estimated cost is $1,637,110. The *Amphitrite* and *Monadnock* cost a little less, and the *Terror* a little more. The *Puritan* is to cost $2,300,970, and is the most efficient of the monitors.

The *Miantonomoh* has 7 inches of compound armor on her sides, and 11½ inches on the turrets; and her three sister-vessels have the same, except that it is of steel. Her armor was imported from England; but arrangements have now been made for furnishing steel armor hereafter for our navy from American founderies. Her main battery will consist of two 10-inch guns in each turret. These will be high-power, rifled, breech-loading steel guns. Few guns of this calibre have yet been made in this country, and none fully tested; but probably the four required for the *Miantonomoh* will be ready for her. The 10-inch steel rifle throws a projectile of 500 pounds with a charge of 250 pounds of powder, producing a muzzle velocity of 2100 feet, and a muzzle energy of 15,285 foot-tons, securing a penetration of 23.7 inches in wrought-iron. The weight of the gun is 58,240 pounds, and that of the carriage, 32,482. The *Miantonomoh* will have a secondary battery of Hotchkiss and Gatling guns.

It only remains to note that the Naval Board of Coast Defence proposes that when the *Miantonomoh* is finished she shall be made the centre of a unit of harbor protection, being accompanied by fleet rams, and these, in turn, by small fast torpedo-boats and fish torpedoes.

QUEER FITS AND STARTS.

The fits and starts—using these words in their literal meaning—of the nervous people often strike the beholder as ludicrous. The nerves of hearing of such unfortunates are painfully acute, and impinged by abrupt, unexpected noises, lead them sometimes to perform antics worthy of a jumping-jack. At the root of nervousness, in most instances, is non-assimilation of the food, and consequently innutrition of the nerves as of the other tissues of the body. This prolonged is, of course, productive of serious nervous disease. The remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that invigorates the stomach and enables it to perform its functions properly. Soon after commencing a course of it, it will be found that the nerves grow more tranquil by day, nightly repose becomes less interrupted, and appetite more vigorous and satisfying. These are the initial indications, followed by the complete restoration of nervous vigor. The Bitters also cure fever and ague, liver complaint, and constipation.—[*Adv.*]

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine glass of Angostura Bitters before meals. [*Adv.*]

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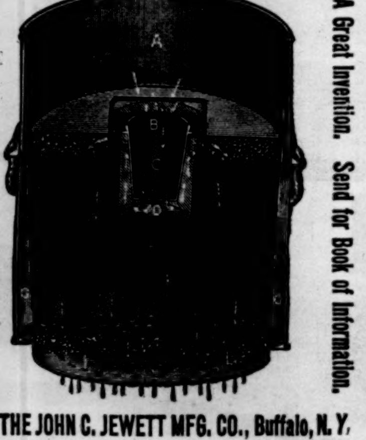

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Have Just Published:

I.
France and the Confederate Navy. 1862–1868.

An International Episode. By John Bigelow, Editor of "Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden." 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

Mr. Bigelow was in France during and after the Civil War as Consul from the United States and as Minister, and this work gives a history of the intrigues and negotiations by which the Confederates secured an official authorization to build in French ports several of the most formidable vessels of war then afloat; and the measures by which their delivery to the Confederate Government was prevented. The work also contains the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, and his agents, John Slidell in Paris, and John M. Mason in London.

II.
A Short History of the English People.

By John Richard Green. With Maps and Plans. New Edition, thoroughly Revised. 12mo, Cloth, $1.20.

Mrs. Green has revised this work in accordance with her late husband's wishes, and she has been assisted in the revision by the Bishop of Chester, Canon Creighton, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Lecky, and other distinguished historians. In noticing the new edition, the *Saturday Review*, London, says: "This is a work of extraordinary originality and genius, and Mrs. Green has discharged her duty to the memory of the author and to the public with conscientious industry, and has worked in her corrections with skill."

III.
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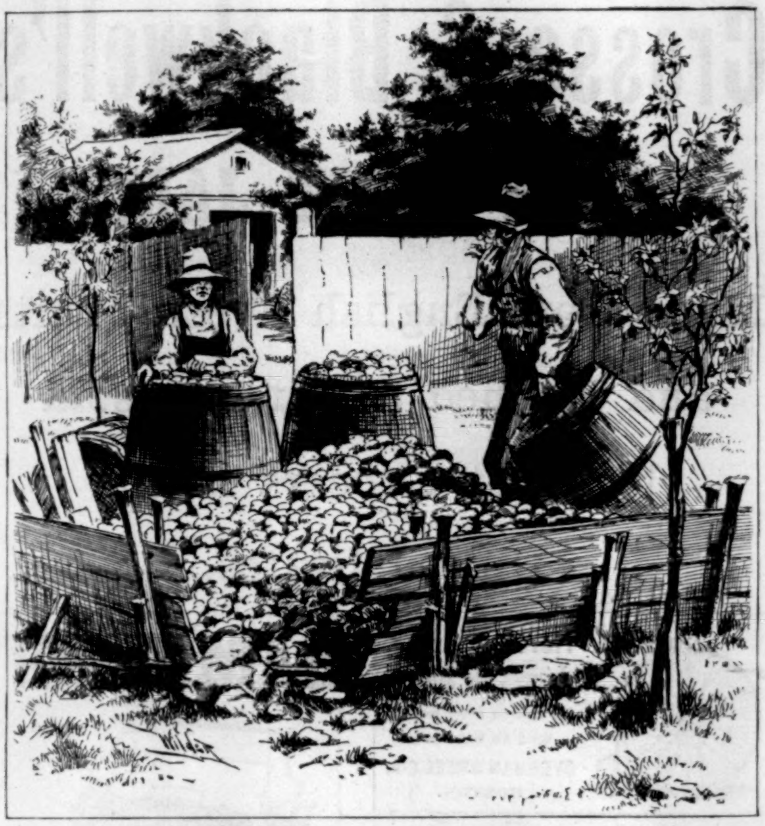

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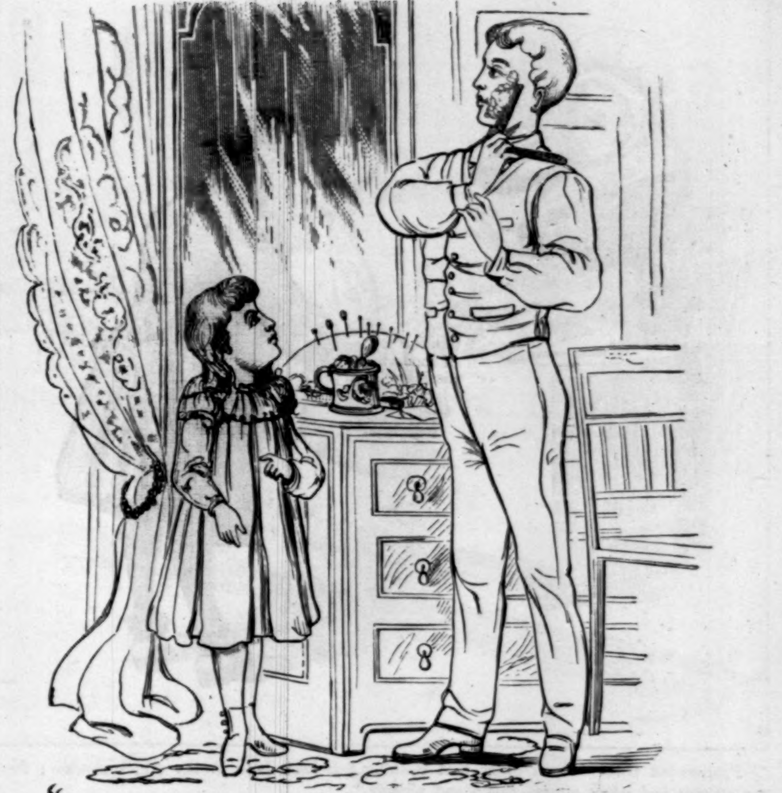
"No, Henery; no, I can't conscience no puttin' o' the big pertaters a-top o' the bar'l—'taint honest; but (thoughtfully) ye might *shake the bar'l* a while, so's't them little uns 'll rattle daown inter the holes. That 'll be a-givin' extry good measure, I 'spose, but there aint nothin' like bein' honest, Henery."



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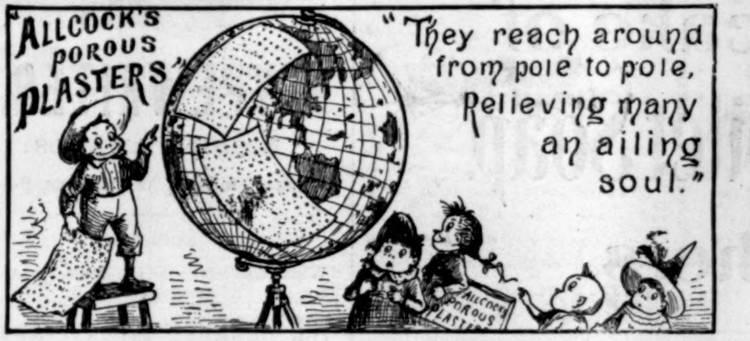
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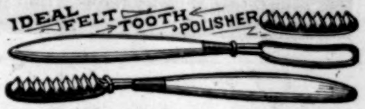

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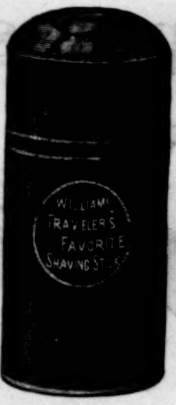
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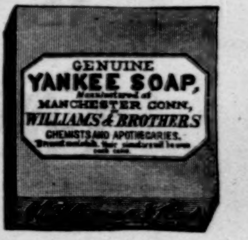
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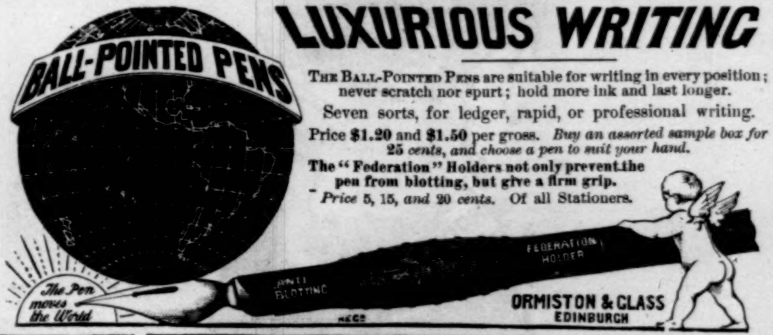

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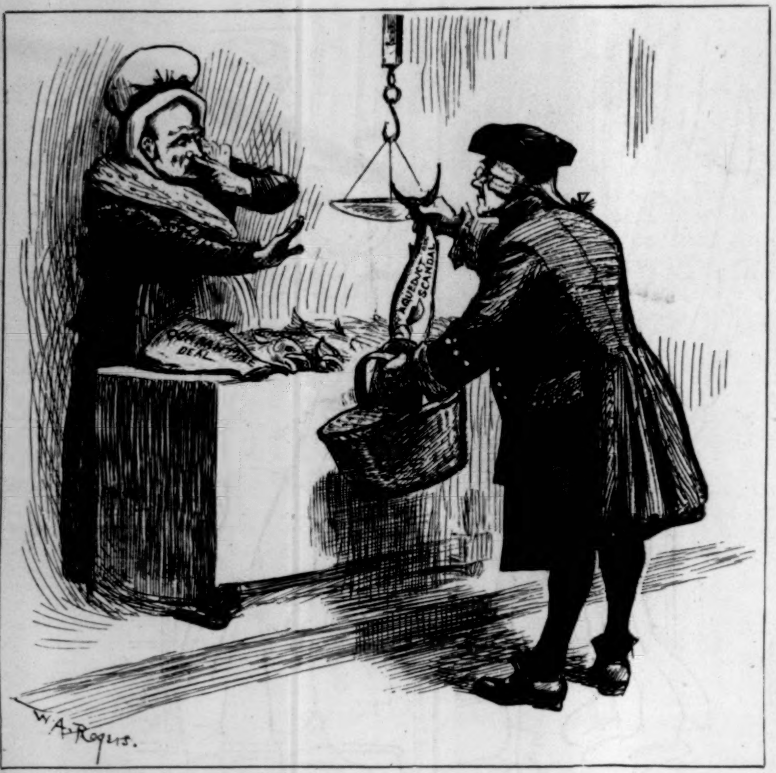

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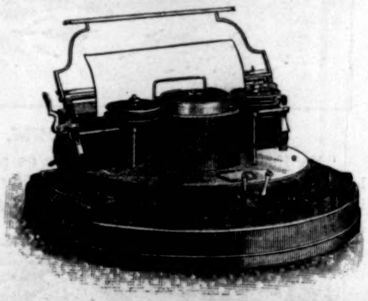

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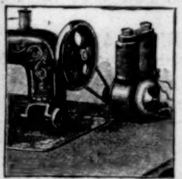

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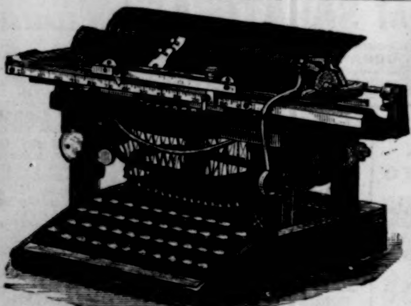

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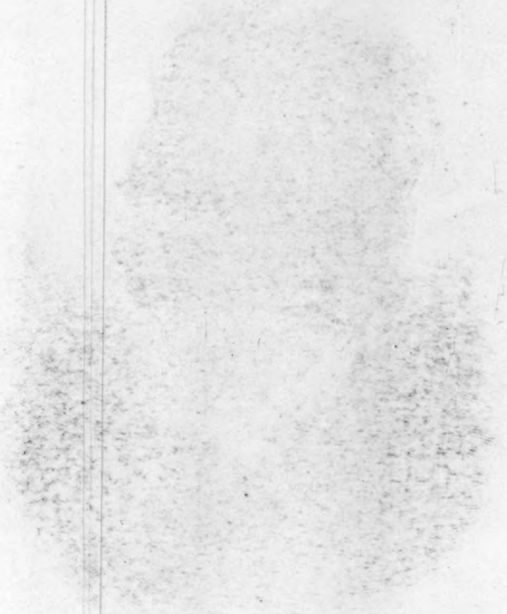

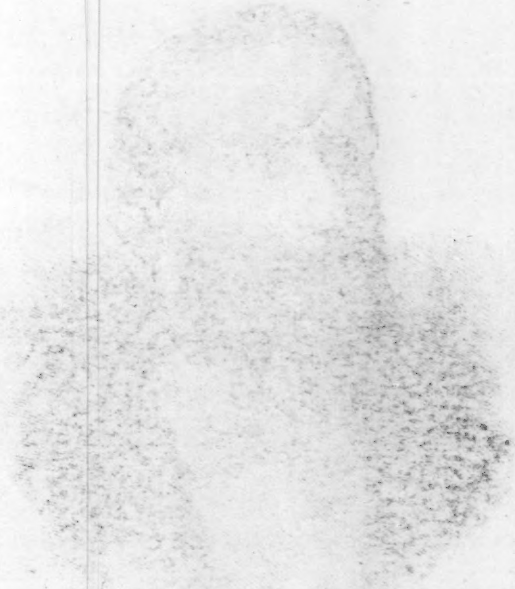

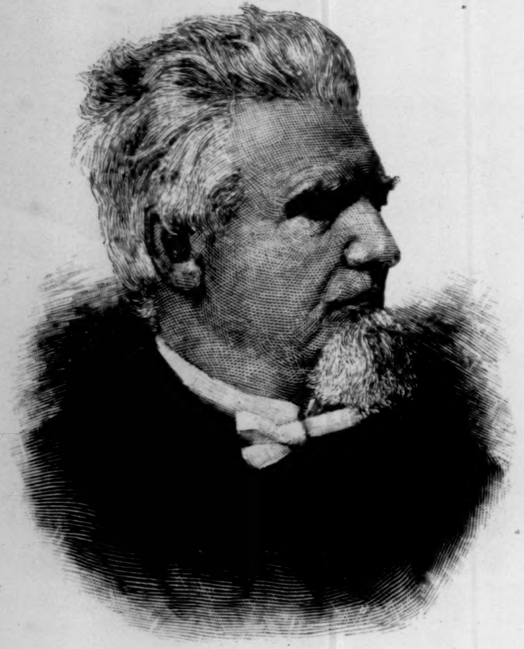

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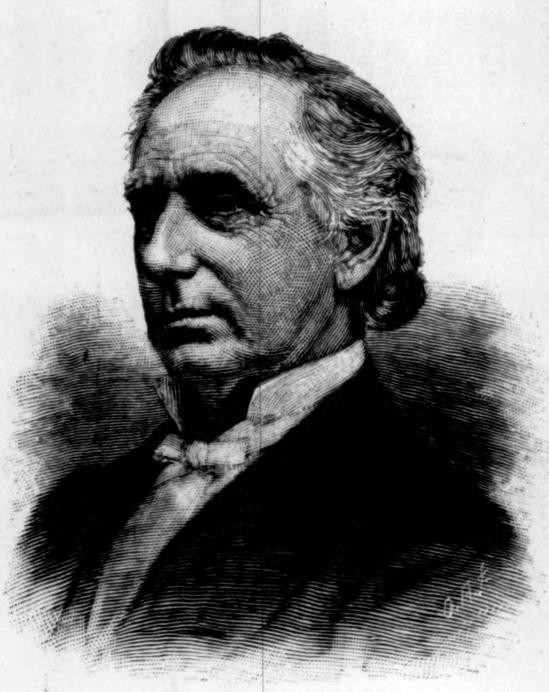

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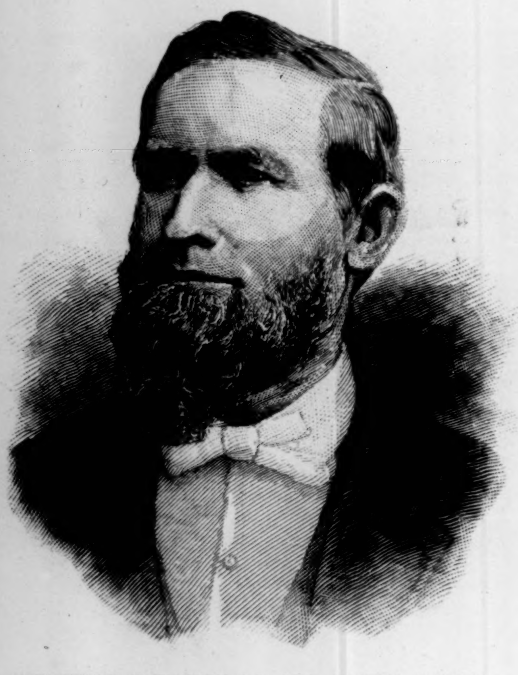

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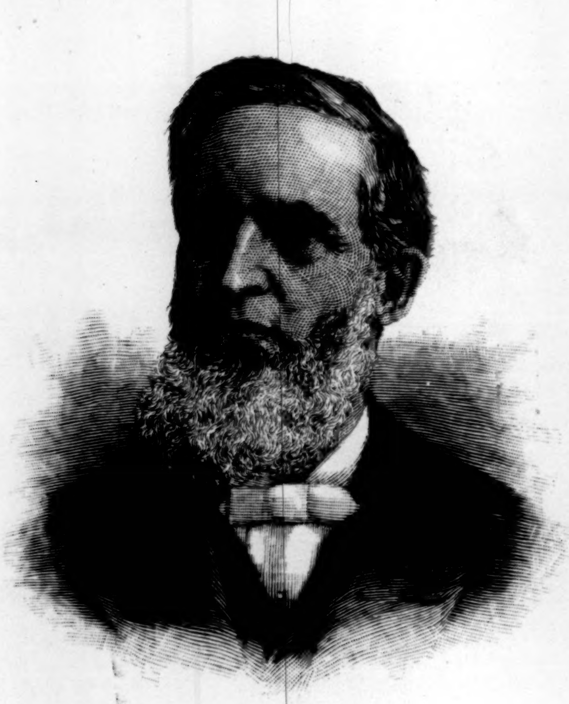

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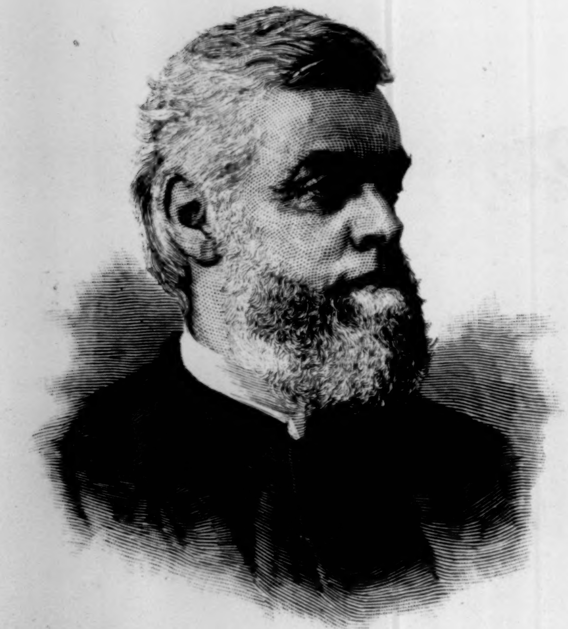

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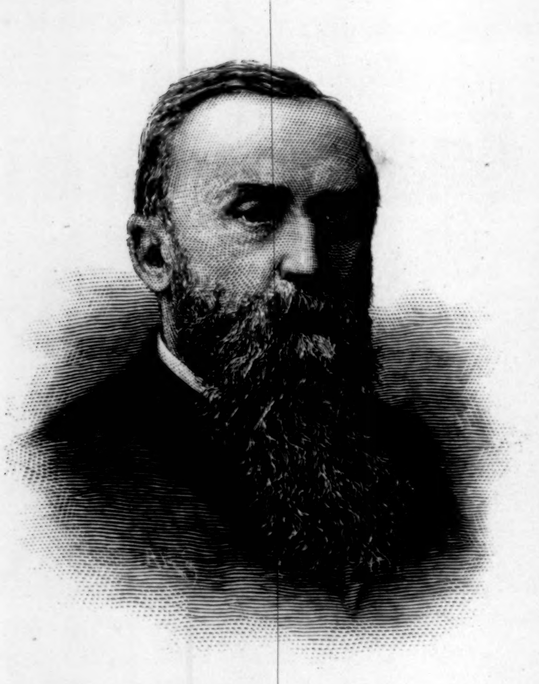

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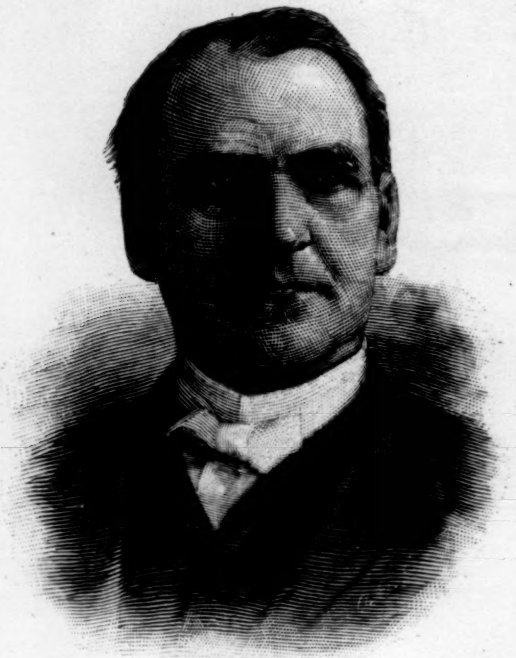

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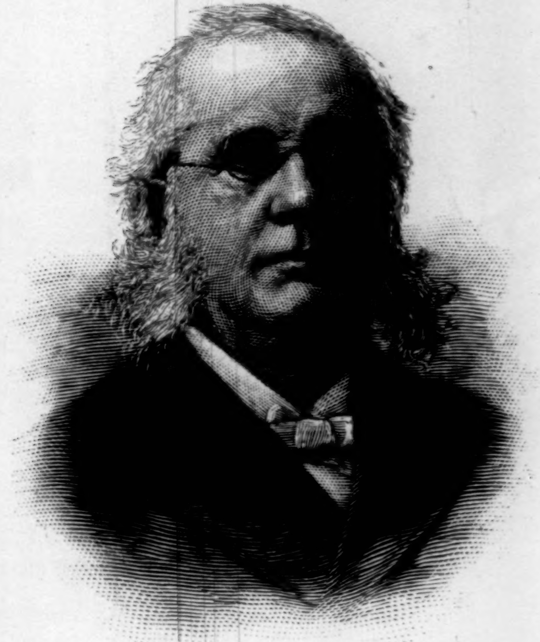

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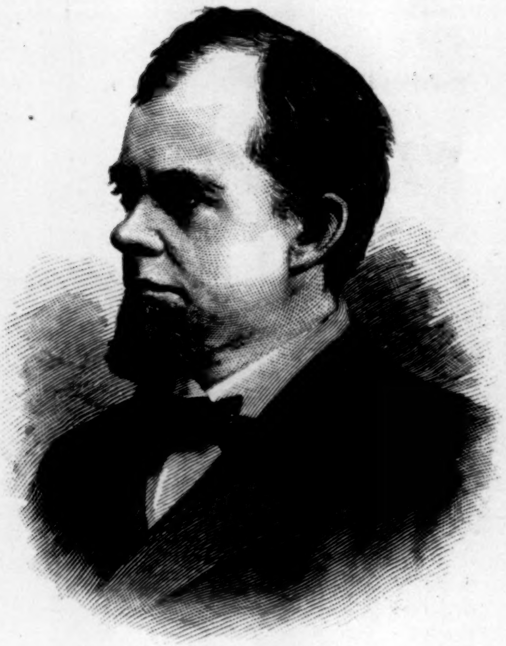

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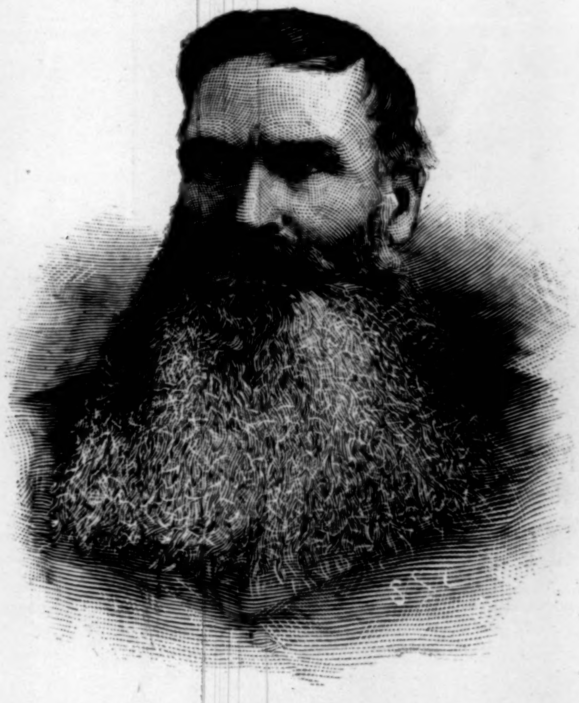

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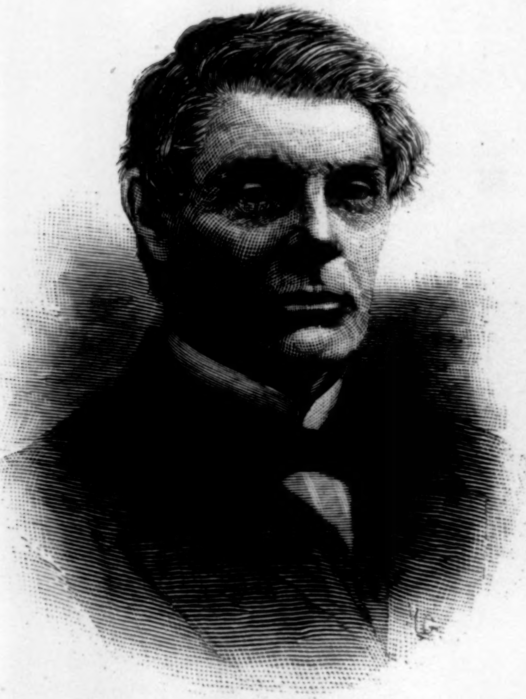

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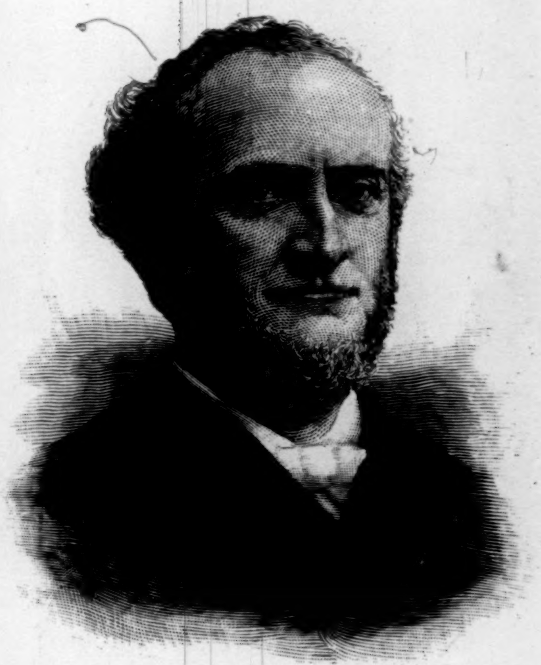

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